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JOHN M. McBRYDE, JR.



October, 1916

- I. *Can America Endure? A Plea for National Centralization* WILMER T. STONE
- II. *Avaricious of Duty* MARGARET LYNN
- III. *Machiavelli in Marlowe* J. WARSHAW
- IV. *The Significance of Music* LOUIS JAMES BLOCK
- V. *The Appreciation of Literature* WILLIAM GILMER PERRY
- VI. *A Model American Library of 1793* EARL L. BRADSHAW
- VII. *English Hymnody and Romanticism* BENJAMIN BRAWLEY
- VIII. "K" WARWICK JAMES PRICE
- IX. *Macaulay's 'History' Illustrated* EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER
- X. *Popular Control of Foreign Policy* LINDSAY ROGERS
- XI. *Book Reviews.*

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THE SEWANEE REVIEW

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[No. 4

CAN AMERICA ENDURE?—A PLEA FOR NATIONAL CENTRALIZATION

Can America endure? Does the question seem preposterous? Yet every human institution lives its appointed hour—or cycle—and passes. Some nations seem founded on the solid rock, and last centuries; others are quickly swept aside in the rushing torrent of time—to appear no more, in anything resembling their old form, on the surface of the stream. Races persist; institutions crumble. The centuries-old strife between Latin and Teuton continues to-day, as it did in Cæsar's time; yet where is Rome, or where the great Teuton empire of Charlemagne?

Can America endure? And by America is meant the United States of our idealist ancestors, who fondly believed in the permanence of a government "of the people, by the people, for the people." The two greatest governments outside of the United States approximating that ideal, France and Great Britain, are engaged in a death struggle with the strongest autocracy, because the most efficient, the world has ever seen. Despite their powerful allies in the combat, no man can say what their future is to be, for it is evident that no nation can long withstand the pressure of German efficiency and national spirit without resistance made strong by equally efficient national organization and supported by equally ardent patriotism. It may be that efficiency and intense national spirit can be developed only by a benevolent autocracy. In short, democracy is on trial, and we in the United States cannot be indifferent to the outcome of the present struggle.

Is it not wise to try to anticipate the result of the struggle in Europe, however, so that we may see clearly what lies before us,

and how best we may meet any future that presents itself? A comparison of our fundamental ideals, and of our measure of realization of these ideals, with those of Germany should be instructive. Such a comparison should show us to what extent we may learn from Germany before it is too late, without giving up those of our ideals which we had rather perish than lose.

GERMAN AND AMERICAN IDEALS COMPARED

Germany's claim to greatness lies principally in her ideal of economic justice as between the various classes of her population ; in the disinterested reverence of and service to the State on the part of all ; above all, in the frank and far-seeing investigation into, and action upon, all questions that affect the national welfare. Americans, on the other hand, are notorious for their indifference to abstract claims of the public welfare, and for the universal sacrifice of such claims for the immediate gain of individuals. As a result of this attitude, all serious problems of our national future are covered up by specious platitudes ; all disagreeable facts are hidden or brushed aside ; a shockingly low standard of honesty, and gross inefficiency, on the part of public officials is tolerated ; there is a woful disregard of labor struggles as affecting the ultimate social welfare of the entire nation.

Americans have been reproached times innumerable by foreign (and domestic) critics with an utter absorption in the "almighty dollar" ; with a singularly rapacious and boundless commercial selfishness that subordinates all other aspects of human endeavor or aspiration. Unfortunately there is great truth in the arraignment. No one can consider our oft-discussed venal politics ; the slum conditions in our cities ; our hideous and blatant advertising ; the relentless crushing of business competitors by fair means or foul ; the plundering of stockholders by boards of directors ; the crushing of strikes by hired thugs and "fixed" judges ; these and many other phenomena of present-day American life, without admitting that material selfishness is more rampant in the "land of the free" than perhaps anywhere else on the whole globe. That this spirit constitutes a terrible menace to our national spirit is evident, and this relationship will be considered in detail below.

Yet it is preposterous to assume that Americans are by innate nature more selfish than other peoples. In the first place, they are derived from nearly all the races of Europe, and many are descended from ancestors who came here for sake of religious or political liberty, rather than commercial advantage. Moreover, the wonderful liberality of Americans with money, once acquired, is proverbial, and stamps them as one of the most generous, as well as in certain respects perhaps the most sordidly commercial, of nations.

A theory often advanced to explain this love of material success so highly developed among Americans, is the effect on the national character of the struggle to open up a rich continent. It was not merely a question of new land and fresh sources of mineral wealth in prodigious quantities, but coincidentally, the wonderful increase of commercial opportunity brought about by development of railroads, machinery, and technical processes of manufacture. Nothing remained static. Everywhere were new opportunities. The whole tendency was to exploit, to speculate, to substitute speed and quantity for the old craftsman's pride in quality, thoroughness, and permanence. Along with this material growth marched a spirit of iconoclasm in social life. The old classes tended to be obliterated; family pride, ancestral honors, or cultural superiority yielded more and more to material wealth and power as a source of prestige. Everything gave place to the great need of developing the material wealth of the new country.

While there is much truth in this theory, it must be remembered that in the countries of Europe, though there was no new land open to settlement, the economic development due to industrial transformation was enormous. England reveals many of the signs of a nation of money-worshippers that flourish with us. They also have their fearful slums, their bloody strikes, their nasty advertising. And when the present world conflict broke out, their national battle cry was—business, as usual.

But in Germany, where great mineral deposits have furnished conditions of industrial congestion similar to those in England and America, one does not see such glaring extremes of wealth. Commercialism is strictly subordinated to its natural and whole-

some place as the *basis*, not the *whole*, of life. The poor are fewer, and not so poor. They are protected by compulsory insurance. Commercialism is sane; cities are beautiful, unmarred by plague spots of slums. The idea is not tolerated that the increased sale of some article, or the erection of buildings to unlimited heights for the sake of greater rent, may override the city's claims to orderliness and beauty. Forests and fields are wisely used, not plundered and gutted. It is universally admitted and acted upon that an individual's business is of minute consequence as compared with the welfare of the public.

Thus it would seem that Germany's more normal attitude to material wealth is due to a wise foresight, a realization that submission to centralized authority for the general good is the wholesome and true view to take. By contrast, it seems that the American rapacity is due, not to innate depravity, but rather to a fierce spirit of individualism, and an unwillingness to submit to the public welfare. It is evident that we must learn how to put our economic house in order, subordinating individual greed to the general good, if we are not to degenerate in a particularly offensive way. Moreover, in this matter Germany is the world's best teacher.

There are, however, aspects of German thought even more repulsive than our greed; and if they are necessary to success, most Americans will prefer not to succeed. All these ideas, which centre around another materialistic doctrine—the worship of force, accompanied by its offspring, worship of self as the embodiment of force—are as hateful to idealism and as dangerous to permanence, as our love of money-getting.

It is interesting to sketch the growth of this quality into its present character of an obsession among the Germans. Bitter partisans have attempted to show that brutality and a tendency to domineer are qualities inherently German. But when one considers how these very qualities have marred the history of all great nations at one time or another, and then recalls German music, literature, and philosophy before 1870, such an argument dissolves in nothingness.

A more plausible theory is that this love of force had its origin in Prussia, where for centuries a ceaseless struggle with the Slav,

and with the bleak, inhospitable aspect of nature, caused it to develop naturally, since life depended to a peculiar degree on the exercise of force. This tendency, incarnated in the Hohenzollern dynasty, is then supposed to have been aggravated by the long struggle of Prussia, against great odds, to assume the leading rôle in Germany. The remainder of Germany is represented as being won over to force-worship by the demonstration of its success, and what that success meant to a united Germany, long harried and retarded in development by being the prey of conquering armies.

The theory, and it seems convincing, goes on to point out that the very docility of the South German temperament (said to be proved by the centuries of unquestioning fidelity to petty rulers at a time when the desire for freedom which has made them democracies to-day was slowly gathering force in France and England) made it easy for Prussia, with its highly centralized government, to impress its ideals on the lesser states as they were absorbed.

It is a commonplace that pressure from above has been constantly exerted on educators, from the lowest grades to the universities, on the press, on public speakers; in short, on all the forces which mould public opinion. This pressure has been concentrated on the promulgation of a certain set of ideas as to the function of the State: the duty of unquestioning obedience on the part of citizens; the infallible nature of the authorities; the conspiracy of these foreigners to defraud Germany of what should be hers by virtue of natural worth—and force; the justice of Germany's use of force to promote her ambitions.

The government gave the masses the best rule, if we overlook the feature of liberty and responsibility in their own destinies, that the world has ever seen. The government has been honest, efficient, and inspired by a great ambition to improve the country and increase the prosperity and contentment of its sons. No wonder the people succumbed to such steady pressure, and thought as they were desired to think by their leaders, with a remarkable unanimity.

The result is the assault on Belgium, "frightfulness" in war, the Chant of Hate, the insane mouthings of the German professors,

the Lusitania episode—finally a world aghast and revengeful. Needless to say, at such a price, success is too costly, and even commercial America, while much muddled up over the situation, and playing an ignominious part because of her pitiful weakness and lack of coherent spirit and forceful leadership, yet execrates German motive and act. Unwilling or unable to fight for the kind of civilization which we believe in and hope to enjoy, we are nevertheless greatly shaken, and ask ourselves what it all means, where it leads. More than ever is the need of liberty—of speech, of the press, of the ballot—realized, when the lack of such freedom is seen to bring such a catastrophe on the world, and to turn the peaceful, kindly Germans into the murderers of Belgian and American civilians, enthusiastic supporters of utter savagery such as rolls back the world's development for centuries.

Yet hand in hand with the determination to retain liberty, goes a realization of the need of effective organization. It is the latter that we lack—organization. And we must develop it before we can hope for a true national spirit and the ability to act as a unit. Moreover, there is a keen realization of our fatal military weakness, in spite of our potential strength, and of the hopelessness of preparing in a short time to withstand a first class military power. Our military needs are being thoroughly aired, and the preponderance of expert opinion is that conscription is a necessity, if we are to support against all eventualities our non-aggressive but independent foreign policy. The root problem is the creation of a keener, more patriotic national spirit. The present situation in Germany and Great Britain presents an illuminating contrast bearing directly on this question.

OUR LACK OF NATIONAL SPIRIT

Perhaps the greatest single factor of Germany's strength in the present war, underlying and making possible her marvelous military preparation, is the realization on the part of the working class that the government has been an instrument for the furtherance of their economic welfare. Even the socialists realized that the government had made an honest and able effort to meet modern industrial conditions from the standpoint of the public

good. All classes realized that the government, while autocratic, was beneficent, devoted, and efficient. The wonderful patriotic response of the people to the call to aid the empire in her hour of peril is the best possible testimonial to the success of the policy of even limited state socialism.

England, on the contrary, has had trouble from the start with large numbers of the working class, not merely in the matter of getting recruits quickly, but especially in the campaign for increased production of munitions. It is not to be wondered at, when we consider that in peace times the government, until very recently, neglected to a large extent the unequal struggle of the masses against combinations of capital to meet the increased cost of living and maintain a decent standard. The British aristocracy were just as devoted as the upper classes of Germany, if less efficient organizers, and they have sacrificed their lives most gallantly, as the long lists of officers' casualties show. But then they had something to fight for—power, prestige, the good things of life—in which happy possessions the government staunchly upheld them. Yet is it so much to be wondered at that many of the workers expressed indifference as to whether or not the Kaiser ruled them? They felt that their government meant nothing to them, and so they did not respond in her hour of need with anything like the unanimity and ardor of the German proletariat.

It may be argued that France, an individualistic country, entered the war with unity and fervor equal to that of Germany. The undoubted truth that she did so seems, however, to rest on a somewhat different basis. In the first place, there has not been the same economic congestion in France as in England and Germany. With a population 65 % agricultural, 35 % urban, and many of the urban population so classified being small independent manufacturers in the provincial cities, it is apparent that the same problems did not exist. Moreover, the excellent national and departmental roads and canals, state forests, railway and rural credits system, municipal markets, abattoirs and public utilities, national school system, and compulsory military service, all show that such problems as existed were capably met, by an efficient, honest, and democratic government. These things make for national spirit.

When the average American thinks of the Pork Barrel; the money wasted on our present army and navy; the inefficiency and graft which lost unnecessarily many a life in the Spanish war; to say nothing of the serious economic problems untouched by the government; and the myriad local grafts, state and municipal; he does not feel very patriotic. Windbag oratory does not make up for gross inefficiency and lack of real ideals of public service on the part of office-holders. The day of thoughtless patriotism is on the wane. Men want to believe in what they sacrifice themselves for, and they base belief and faith on works, not words. A modern government must meet modern problems and meet them efficiently, in a spirit of high devotion to the general welfare, if it is to be solidly supported when the acid tests comes. Let us consider some steps of a nature to give the average citizen more confidence in the State and its worthiness to endure, to make him feel that in case of war he gives his life, if need be, not for the benefit of a few privileged individuals, but for a great ideal and organization which means something to him and all his fellows.

That there is a real need of increasing American national spirit is sufficiently revealed by the economic unrest, and the example of England's struggle to awaken patriotism in the face of similar social conditions. If more evidence is needed, the presence of huge masses of unassimilated foreigners in our midst, whose recent attitude has shown where their allegiance lies, together with the general apathy of our people in the face of the German insolence following the Lusitania incident, should prove convincing. As a final consideration, the presence of large numbers of peace-at-any-price advocates among our citizens, and the reflection that in all our past wars we have been slow to develop a general resolve to back the government at any cost, so that conscription was necessary even in the Civil War, should make it clear that in event of war we should be unprepared not only in a material way, but in spirit.

SOCIALISTIC REFORMS NECESSARY TO INCREASE PATRIOTISM

Thus it is evident that economic reforms in the interest of the public welfare are essential to giving the government vitality and

meaning in a country such as ours. In an age of sweeping economic changes, our government has lagged far behind that of Germany in meeting the resultant problems, the correct solution of which is of signal importance to social soundness and individual contentment. We must learn from Germany if we are to avert the danger of class hatred—general cynicism and bitterness on the part of the workers, who, in case of war, feel that they are being sacrificed to the gain of a hostile class, not that they are fighting for a government which means something to them. Even in Germany, prior to the war, there was discontent and syndicalism had made considerable headway. Hence our economic remedies must be even more progressive than those of Germany; and yet they must be effected without surrender to autocracy. An outline of the problem we face, and of solutions suggested or foreshadowed by present tendencies and foreign experience, even though it be of the hastiest nature, should be of interest.

The much-discussed recent financial and industrial concentration in America has caused the formation of an economic government in nowise within the control of the mass of citizens, yet vitally affecting their welfare. In spite of desperate efforts to dissolve this concentrated power and revert to the older system of small competitive industrial units, it is evident that concentration is a natural and irresistible tendency, due to the modern conditions of industry. The whole industrial system is a closely coördinated organism, and it would be exceedingly wasteful and inefficient to go back to the small unit system in some of the great basic branches of production, were such a thing feasible. Moreover, it is apparent that public opinion and the sensitiveness of capital would never permit such a ruinous reversion. Regulation, in the interest of the general welfare, of railroads, public utilities, and banking, has been successful, the new currency bill having demonstrated its worth under conditions of unusual strain. The next step is government ownership.

But why single out railroad, water and light companies, and banks for public control? Modern industry rests on a basis of mineral wealth—coal, iron, copper—and these fundamentals support businesses the control of which is as essential to public welfare as that of transportation or banking. As to the question of own-

ership, the United States Government operates national forests successfully on a large scale, controlling part of the timber industry depending on them in a very paternalistic way; and is even buying up forest land which has been allowed to pass into private ownership. Yet forests, important as they are to the public welfare, are surely no more important than coal, iron, and other minerals, which should be regarded in the same light as forests, as a gift of nature to the whole people, not as the property of individuals. The government now owns coal mines in Alaska, which are operated under its supervision in a way similar to the utilization of the national forests, and it will manage its own railroads in connection with these mines. These signs point to the day when the government will condemn and buy the vast mineral resources of the country, and control the industries dependent on them. The cost could be met by bonds, to be retired eventually by the profits from the management of the mines. The bases of our national life would then be operated, as they should be, for the benefit of all; the citizens would own the country; it would be *their* country in a very real sense. Oil, gas, and water-power sites would of course fall into government possessions in the same way, and the enormous electrical development of the future will be national, not for the benefit of individuals.

Needless to say, such radical changes will not come at one blow. We are feeling our way in that direction already. The present trade commission will inevitably develop into a regulatory body, with powers over all interstate business similar to those now exercised over transportation by the commerce commission, long before government ownership of fundamental resources can become an accomplished fact. Along with this trend of development will come a gradual breaking down of state lines, and a gradual transference of all economic control, by constitutional amendment if necessary, to the central government.

There will be uniform national regulation of the conditions of labor in the great interstate businesses, including minimum-wage, maximum-hour, and safety-appliance laws, with drastic restrictions on the labor of women and children. Government employment bureaus, and insurance to cover death, disability,

unemployment, and old age will be supported, in part at least, by income, inheritance, and unearned increment taxes. Court procedure will be simplified, making the remedy of the law accessible to the poor. There will be rigid municipal housing and sanitary laws with ample provisions for parks and recreation. The present tendency to build good state and county roads will be enlarged and coördinated with a great national system. Above all, there must be national supervision over education—no more cases of having to fight trustees for academic freedom—securing greater uniformity and higher standards of work, insuring also vocational guidance and training, as well as instruction in citizenship. Needless to say, compulsory attendance to a reasonably advanced age will be the basis of such a national system of education. To meet the high cost of living, the municipal governments must encourage the formation of consumers' leagues, compel honest advertising, take over markets, abattoirs, railway terminals, and distributing facilities, while the national government must limit speculation in food stuffs by fixing maximum prices in times of emergency.

While the drift in this country is toward centralization of control of industry to an ever greater degree, it is evident that before government extension in the economic field can advance much further, great changes in public opinion, and more especially in our political organization, must come about. With the horrible examples of pension abuses, the pork barrel, the army and navy wastes, municipal grafts and franchise stealing, one can imagine what would happen if our present type of politicians got their figures in national insurance, railroad management, and coal and iron production. However, there is a new type of public man—statesman rather than politician—coming into power, and great awakening in public interest in civic affairs has already brought some minor changes in political organization, especially in city government. Let us examine the main trend of political development such as would make possible sweeping economic reforms such as outlined above, thus promoting a new spirit of patriotism. Moreover, it must be remembered that such political changes, giving us efficient government, must not threaten the downfall of popular control and the upbuilding of an autocracy, if the American spirit is to be preserved.

POLITICAL REFORMS NECESSARY

One great weakness in our political thinking has been a tendency to distrust our able men, and tie their hands while in office by a system of divided authority very baneful to constructive achievement. A curious contrast to this has been an equal distrust of the judgment of the mass of citizens, making it impossible to allow definite issues of great importance to be decided by a majority of voters directly. The result has been to drive our best brains into private business, to inculcate a feeling of impotence and sullen indifference to public affairs in large numbers of citizens, and to put our government in the hands of petty partisans who regard it as a mass of spoils to be fought for among themselves. To remedy such conditions, vital changes, even to the adoption of a very different constitution, are necessary. Perhaps a great national disaster may result in the calling of a constitutional convention; or piecemeal changes may so break the spell of tradition, that a congress of the new progressive type of statesmen may voluntarily take such a step. At any rate, in the interests of efficiency without autocracy, we must have free rein and greater power for executives while in office, and more direct responsibility to the voters. Bearing these principles in mind, a rapid survey of concrete constructive reforms in government, suggested in the last few years, will be of interest.

To begin with the national government, the most difficult to alter, the judicial department has been most severely criticised as a usurper of power and an obstruction to progress. The power to pass upon the constitutionality of laws should be taken away from the supreme court, on the assumption that a law which has passed congress and been approved by the president should not be made null on technical grounds, by a body which always lags far behind public sentiment, and is buried so deeply in tradition as to be slow to respond to the changed conditions and needs of a dynamic society. It has been suggested that life tenure be abolished, and supreme court judges be elected, in order to make them more responsive to public opinion. But the many obvious defects in such an arrangement, principally the lengthening of the ballot, thus harassing the voters; divided

responsibility; the danger of introducing party politics in the courts, and the impossibility of the general public passing on the qualities for such an office embodied by various candidates; make it unwise. The same result of responsiveness to public opinion could be obtained by empowering the president, the man most directly responsible to the public, who can generally be held for results achieved, because he is the centre of interest and publicity, to dismiss any federal judge, including supreme court members, for persistent obstructive tactics, providing congress concurs by a majority of votes in such dismissal.

The legislative department has been, next to the judicial, a target for criticism, along somewhat different lines. Direct election of senators has done much to remove the charge of obstructive tactics so often made against the upper chamber, yet many think a single house would be less unwieldy than the present congress, and it undoubtedly would tend to concentrate responsibility and simplify the problem of voting intelligently. The old objection of hasty legislation is but a sample of distrust of the mass of voters, and the senate was unquestionably devised as a check on popular control, as well as a check on the power of the majority of the the country as a whole as against individual sections. But the modern need for centralization demands that sectionalism bow to the general good. A final consideration is that the increased power of members of a single-chamber congress would tend to draw bigger men, and help the voters concentrate their attention on electing good men, in accordance with the recognized tendency of a short ballot. The most serious charges against congress have been undue interferences with administrative departments, and failure to handle public money wisely. The first defect is important, and should be remedied by limiting the powers of congress to investigation and recommendation, where management or internal construction of a department is concerned. Should the administration refuse to act on such recommendation, congress should have the power to refer the issue to the people for direct vote, at the next general election, or in case of great emergency, impeachment could be resorted to. The even more important question of inefficient handling of money will be considered under the executive department.

The latter, all things considered, has maintained by far the highest average of efficiency, and commands public respect for its responsiveness to public opinion, as well. Its powers have been too limited, however, to obtain the best results, and the trend of current opinion is that they should be much enlarged. This enlarged power should include the formation of a budget, leaving with congress the power to cut any items, but not to add to them. This would put the responsibility of expenses, as well as the apportionment of them, where it belongs, on the men who handle the money. The power to initiate legislation should also be granted to the president and his cabinet, as the president is largely responsible for the party platform on which he is elected, and should openly lead in the enactment into law of pledges, many of which he will have to carry out in his administration. The prevention of congressional interference with details of administration will greatly increase the efficiency of administrative departments, and this efficiency should be carried still further by the extension of civil service to all employees, under the leadership of permanent technical bureau chiefs—experts subject to the cabinet secretaries in policy only, and removable only for inefficiency or dishonesty.

There should be provision made for referendum to popular vote of important issues on which the various departments—legislative, judicial, and executive—disagree. For instance, suppose the secretary of war, with the approval of the president and the other cabinet chiefs, incorporates in the budget an estimate for army expenses which is cut severely by congress. The people may think congress is very efficient and able as a whole, and agree with their general attitude, so that they would reelect a majority of them; yet on the vital issue of national defence they may side with the secretary of war, and at the same time approve of the president's course as a whole. So both sides would come back into power, with no way to tell how the people felt on the issue in question. In such a case, the president should have authority to submit the question of army expenses, to take the example above, directly to the people at the next general elections, or sooner, if he deemed it urgently important. In the same way, congressional recommendations

regarding conduct of an administrative department, if the question were highly important, and non-technical, should be submitted to the people, if they were not acted on by the administration. Or if judicial interpretation of the powers of an administrative commission, as enacted in law by congress, were held by the president to interfere with the commission's work as intended by congress, he should be able to refer the issue to the people; for the court might be very able, honest, and not persistently obstructive, so that he would not care to use his power of dismissal. Similarly, if the supreme court considered a law enacted by congress and signed by the president dangerous to the public welfare, in place of declaring it unconstitutional, as they now can do, they would have the power to refer it to the people. In all such cases, public sentiment would soon kill any attempts to appeal trivial or unimportant questions at the instigation of departmental jealousy, by deciding against the department thus acting, and provision that only gravely urgent disagreements be submitted between regular elections would prevent frequent referenda making the institution burdensome.

The state governments should be made uniform and similar in their general design to the central government, to which they should be strictly subordinated in all cases of conflicting interest. Thus, the governor and his various appointive officials, including many now elective, would correspond to the president and his cabinet; and have similar powers of introducing legislation, making budgets, and managing departments without legislative interference. The state legislature would be single-chambered, the judiciary appointive for life, subject to removal by the governor for obstructive tactics, inefficiency, or dishonesty. All state employees would be under civil service, with permanent technical bureau heads. There would be a referendum of important matters, disputed between departments, to the voters of the state. Counties should be abolished as separate governmental units administered by elective officials; their affairs being handled through administrative departments of the state governments. The logical development of city government leads to the non-partisan commission-manager plan.

The voter's task would be much simplified under a highly centralized government such as outlined above. The ballot

would indeed be short, the city voter choosing city commissioners, members of the state legislature, governor, lieutenant-governor, members of congress, president and vice-president, while the rural voter would dispense even with voting for commissioners, leaving but six officials to be chosen by him. Elections could be made uniform in time for state and national officials throughout the country, so that, retaining the primary system, there would still not be frequent elections to cause citizens to lose interest. To make sure of response to the popular will, every elected official should be subject to recall in case of emergency. To increase efficiency, terms of president and governor, heads of complicated administrative machines, should be long.

A government on the above lines would result in concentrated power, permitting able men to do great things; yet they would be directly responsible to the people for success, and for putting the popular will into effect. It would be an efficient instrument for carrying the great economic burdens a modern state must bear. The general elective positions would demand trained statesmen to fill them properly. The permanent under-secretaries would have to be big business men of great experience and expert training, such as now are generally hostile to the government. Real power would do much to attract such men into public service, and give them a different outlook on government service; just as the realization that they held such great power would make the average citizen careful to choose men of broad vision and high ideals, coupled with qualities of practical leadership, to fill executive positions, shaping and supervising the policy that guided these permanent department chiefs, and responsible for the results achieved by them. It is evident that an educational test for eligibility to vote would be almost a necessity, while schools, newspapers, and all agents that mould public opinion would have to coöperate in making such a political system a success. A system embodying the main ideas of concentrated authority and responsibility, however different from the admittedly theoretical and amateurish one outlined above, is vitally necessary to success in carrying out socialistic reforms. It should be the duty of every expert on political science to make constructive suggestions, that out of the many advanced, tradition

may be broken down, and a practicable political system adopted which will permit us to achieve the healthy economic development essential to ardent national spirit.

INDIVIDUAL ECONOMIC READJUSTMENTS

However well governmental activities of a socialistic type are perfected, the vast remaining field of private industry presents serious problems to be met, before the economic unrest will cease to be acute. Even with government insurance, control of basic industries, employment bureaus and legislations in the interests of shorter hours, better pay, and lower cost of living, labor in private industries will still demand recognition, as it does to-day. A spirit of conciliation on both sides is absolutely necessary for permanent security and welfare. Employers must cease to regard labor solely as a commodity and consider the human side. Labor must respond to this attitude, and replace its feeling of hostility with a spirit of coöperation and loyalty. Recognition of labor organizations; profit sharing; together with provision for hygienic and attractive working and living quarters, and facilities for recreation in factory centres; would do much to bring about a friendly relation. Fortunately, pioneer work in all these fields is being carried on to-day by enlightened employers, while a few unions have become strong enough to win for their members something approximating their due share of what they produce. A very important item, in a general programme to win the confidence of labor, is drastic restriction of immigration. Such restriction would not only remove the necessity of native labor to compete with a viciously low standard of living, but would help maintain a higher level of citizenship, by preventing the dregs of Europe from being dumped on our shores. With an adequate system of military defence, we should enforce such restriction without fear or favor from any foreign power.

A LOW BIRTH RATE

The far-distant future holds one serious menace, no matter how solid our national spirit and sound our economic condition. That menace is overcrowding, and it is usually agreed to be the underlying cause of the great war. The fear of too many mouths

to feed is back of Germany's insistence on a "place in the sun." The fallacy of Germany's aggression is obvious—there will not always be room to expand, by war or otherwise—and in this matter we can learn from France. Wherever there is a high standard of living, we find the birth rate falling, as the upper classes of all countries illustrate. But France is the only large, highly civilized, healthy nation in which small families are the rule in all classes, and in which the birth and death rates have been approximately equal for a long period. This fact causes many to sneer at France's alleged decadence, but her conduct in the war should convince all those who ignored her great and continued contributions to the progress of civilization, that such a judgment was an absurd libel. She has demonstrated the fact that where quality and not number is the ideal, it is possible to limit the birth rate artificially, without sinking into decadence.

Our upper classes, who wish to give their children education and other advantages, do not have large families as a rule. Unfortunately, the large family is common among the very people with whom an extra child is often a grievous burden, a cause of sorrow. This condition should be looked squarely in the face, all hypocrisy put aside, and a campaign of education in harmless prevention of conception inaugurated, so that the necessity for foresight may be brought to the attention of the most thoughtless. Public opinion should be influenced to remove from prevention of conception the moral stigma, which is influential with the simple and lowly, but is secretly derided by the educated and prosperous.

It has been urged that this would cause an increase in illicit sex relations, and a decrease in the number of marriages. When this objection, usually greatly exaggerated by its supporters, is weighed against the present indiscriminate bringing into the world of undesired children, to be a burden to themselves, their parents and society generally, it seems to sink into insignificance. The vast majority are always normal and wholesome, glad to sacrifice themselves within reason for the sake of having children to love and cherish. Unquestionably the race would improve rapidly, if all children were the offspring of such parents, and the latter did not have so many children as to be handicapped

in bringing them up. Of course, exceptions occur, cases where hardships not merely intensify the family affection and stimulate effort, but also develop sterling personalities. As a general rule, however, the child with reasonable advantages—not the spoiled child—will undeniably outstrip the one who suffers privations and gets a bad start. Finally, if overcrowding means wars at recurrent intervals, that fact alone should be argument enough for a change in our public and acknowledged attitude to prevention of conception. We must not only build soundly for the immediate future, but must consider our children's children; and not lay up menaces against their welfare.

CONCLUSION

No nation can feel sure of peace with honor, no matter how peaceful her own attitude. Hence, national integrity must have as a defence adequate military strength. Foreign policy must be consistent with national ideas and military power. America has material resources capable of maintaining ample military defences, but lacks national spirit necessary to develop potential into actual strength. Economic causes underlie our lack of national spirit, and political purging, with reorganization on a more centralized basis, must precede economic reforms. Public opinion must be aroused and educated to the need of constructive reforms essential to a sound and secure national future.

With our economic and political house in order, we should be free from the debasing materialism of dollar-worship on the one hand and soul-destroying force-worship on the other. Our workmen, business men, and statesmen inspired by a spirit of service, our artists, scientists, and philosophers devoted to the advancement of beauty and truth, all would be bound together by the common desire to produce an ever finer and richer life, so that our nation might be in the lead in the great evolutionary development of a nobler humanity.

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AVARICIOUS OF DUTY

One hears of many people in this world who profess themselves weary of the eternal iteration and reduplication of things. They say they are sometimes almost sickened at the unvarying prospect of eating three meals at the same intervals every day and electing one president inalterably every four years. Politics turns in cycles and religion moves by the same fits and the same starts which history has already shown. They can't even achieve novelty by proclaiming lack of novelty, for the Preacher did that while the world was still comparatively new.

To one thus irked and harassed by this revolving mimeograph of creation, there is still one resource, perhaps by him yet unobserved. In the world of modern education, if he turns to it, he will find that variety and ceaseless novelty which he has looked for in vain elsewhere. For that is one place where they never cease either to think of or to do some new thing. To look closely at the spectacle is to be dizzied, bewildered. To look away from it awhile is to be startled and puzzled by changes on renewing one's gaze. Theory follows upon theory, experiment upon experiment, until the alive and alert educator hardly dares to sleep, lest he be passed in the night.

The wearied one will be awed into interest by the mere comprehensiveness of the educational structure, and most of all by the keenness to discover duties, the wit to recognize them as its own, and the all-accepting readiness to lift them and away with them, to be found in the active educational body. No sooner does a need or even a desideratum of youth appear or draw new attention to itself in any way, than ardent and omnivorous educators clap it into the public schools, and with it new duties for teachers.

Nothing is too hard or too comprehensive for the pedagogic conscience. Other once-recognized forces are rapidly being stripped bare of duties and functions. One stands amazed at such dauntless and avaricious conscientiousness. The most of us are likely, when we see needs or duties lying about us, to say public-spiritedly, "Somebody ought to do that." But the

aroused educator says instead, "I ought to do that," and straightway hastens to the attempt. Nor does he even stop at willingness to take complete charge of the mental and physical and moral and social development of the child, but goes on into what might be regarded as intimate and private relations, and lays hands on his very soul. For the final business of every teacher, we learn from many eager essays in educational journals and many sententious lectures, is the development of personality—individuality. "Don't teach the subject, teach the child," is the beginning of their cry. "Anybody can learn a subject—anybody can teach a subject. But real pedagogy teaches the child—and develops his personality." One wonders, a little agape, how they *dare*. Could you venture, with an ordinary conscience, to tell even an eight-year-old that you were going to develop his personality? Might he not seek you out in later years and tell you that he intended to have a gentleman's satisfaction from you? And what if, in addition to that, he discovered that you were keeping a day-book of him, a double-entry record of his personal affairs and your suspicions and deductions regarding them and his personality, with the intention of passing it on to the next teacher, still a stranger to him, and eventually to a Superintendent of Research and Efficiency? What are the rights of personality in a case like that?

But the pedagogic conscience dareth all things. If a new human function, entirely private and domestic, were discovered to-morrow, by the next day some duty regarding it would be laid upon the teachers of the public schools. One might suppose that we were a parentless race, from the combined devotion and avidity with which the school seizes upon function after function of parenthood. "The home no longer functions," says one, "in relating the individual unit to the great social entity." It will not be the fault of the school if it continues to function in any degree. Talk of feminism! There will soon be no other possibility open to a mother but desuetude or feministic pursuits. After the public school has taught her children to brush their teeth and admire nature and love their country and speak the truth and raise their hats and use soap and eat with a fork, and has examined their tonsils and their eyes and discovered their

adenoids, and has given them credit in school units for being kind to their parents and little brothers and getting up to breakfast and hanging up their hats and for every other slightest evidence of a rudimentary sense of duty shown at home; after they have been led to some library hall to hear a professional story-teller tell professionally the very stories that mothers used to tell with divine amateurishness; after they have been haled off to a public playground where some briefly trained specialist will herd them together with the unassorted children of the neighborhood and *teach* them to *play* (the italics are my own);—after all this, what is there for the lonely and idle mother to do but to read to her children the ready-made bed-time story which a hundred thousand other mothers are reading to their children, and go out into the world, a feminist-errant? One almost suspects the Creator must have been an amateur Himself instead of a professional, or He would not have made the mistake of giving children to parents, instead of handing them over at once to a school of education.

This steady and ingenious increase in the variety and complexity of the curriculum is not the only addition to the teacher's duties. Constantly—if practice corresponds to the theories before us always—the teacher is made more completely responsible for the whole result of education. All the geniality and sweet-mindedness and balminess that has gone into education lately, is for the pupil, not for the teacher. The whole study seems to be to ease the burden of the pupil—only a normal human burden after all—and let him walk lightly along a roseate path of inclination. We hear of happy schools where the word "Don't" is never uttered. Require nothing of the child, everything of the teacher, is the cry. Nothing is too hard for the teacher; but ask of the pupil only that he remain his simple, natural self. Let the teacher, though, at any expense of effort, turn this naturalness somehow or other into an instructed and developed result. One can't help wondering where the next generation of teachers is to come from. Will one who has been Montessoried effortlessly into perfection and maturity have the patience and will and self-sternness to lead anyone else into the same path?

One can't help being gloomily unexpectant of a generation that has never buckled down, using its own will consciously in the buckling, to learn the multiplication-table. The multiplication-table was a force for righteousness. More things were wrought by it than this world dreamed of. One must commiserate the child who has never sat down to "commit" the seven-times with a satisfying effort of will and glory in the result. He has missed a moral gratification which he has a right to. But nowadays, we are to understand, committing of any sort is regarded as a very low form of learning, not an educative process at all, in fact. Educational psychology seems to be a good deal like a ouiji-board; it appears to be saying this or that, but how can you tell that you have not given it a shove?

If there is any one department in which there ought to be a new distribution of responsibility, it is in the issues of instruction in English. English work has been yearly Sebastianized by the arrows of adverse criticism. No other teaching has its results so open to censure or so likely to receive it. Everyone is qualified to judge them. Who is going to discover, anyway, whether a pupil has the accepted pronunciation of Latin—or any at all, for that matter? Or which of the odds and ends about science he should have learned in his nature-study? But every time he opens his mouth in speech or puts pen to paper he shows what he has not learned about English; and he is never, so long as he lives, safe from the possibility of having to confess that he has not read *Silas Marner* or *Travels with a Donkey*. The results of the teaching of English are as obvious, and supposedly as permanent, as a man's features, and are as open to the criticism of the passer-by.

It is true, and the dutiful teacher is himself the first to recognize it, that pupils do not all leave school, nor students college, perfect and fluent in speech and writing, and possessed of discriminating taste in literature and an eager appetite for good books. He must even go further and acknowledge bitterly that only an almost undiscoverable percentage has attained that consummation as the result of his tuition, and that from that summit there is a rapid gradation downward to the broad well-satisfied plain of "seems like" and Harold Bell Wright. It does

appear to him, as his ear is smitten daily with the speech of his fellow-men, all of whom have been in public school, many of them in high school, some even through college, that the precept and labor of himself and his fellow-workmen have been in vain.

Especially is he stung with a sense of failure when he views the chosen reading, or choice of no reading, of the very ones whom he sometime introduced to certain riches of literature. It is hard to realize, as one observes popular adult taste in books and magazines, that at this very moment the youth of our land, those at least who are in process of being educated, are at this formative period having exhibited to them, faithfully and earnestly, with every resource of knowledge and sympathy and originality and vivacity and energy the teacher has at command, the beauties and satisfactoriness of good books. The contrast between this narrow stream of good reading running through our common life, and the great bookless or ill-booked plain which encloses it, seems almost like a fabulous thing. The tremendous circulation of the yearly quota of causeless books—publishers now astound us in terms of millions—seems to jeer at the faithful prophet of the prescribed classics and say, "Where are your Shakespeares and Stevensons and Thackerays now? Do what you can with your student while you have him; we'll get him as soon as you're through." And the teacher looks out upon the world and acknowledges that it is true, meekly and with self-reproof that he has not done his work better.

It is obviously his fault. Here is another place where the teacher should function for the whole world. So he redoubles his efforts, and looks about for a new method of making the forces of literature function in relation to the pupil. One rarely finds established methods of teaching literature; for this objective dissatisfaction with result bids the teacher be always up and seeking a new way. Year by year he leads the experimental life professionally, trying always for a means to establish a permanent relation between the books read and the pupil who reads them. He wanders from fact to interpretation and back; he mingles the emotional and the historical and gives no fixed preference to either. The inspirational method beckons him with its chance of individuality and originality, and he spends hours stroking and

twisting and man-handling beautiful lines, purring over them gently and ever anon breathing out, "Isn't it beautiful?" while sentimental pupils beam responsively upon him and he seems to be doing a lovely thing. Then one day he catches the humorous eye of a student in the back row, and is driven abruptly to announce an examination, the result of which is depressing to him. He goes back to the safe prosaic method of inquiry into fact and etymology, and analysis of figures, and looking up allusions, and identification of the homespun virtues of literature; and later he finds the very pupils so treated joining in the parrot cluck of the trite-minded, "Oh, I had to read *A Tale of Two Cities* in school, so of course I've never read any Dickens since." He decides to lecture on the content of the books read, thus developing the students' critical judgment and broadening their knowledge of thought, while at the same time he trusts them to do the work; his resulting popularity is gratifying to him, until he learns that his course is labeled "grapes" and that all the lightest students in school are flocking to his classes. And at any time, if he inquires into the outside reading of his classes—an imprudent and disheartening thing to do—or if he meets any body of them in post-school days, he is made aware that the reading they are doing of free choice is in most cases unaffected by any memory of the reading they were required to do. Or if he at any time falls into discussion of the matter with one outside his profession, he is likely to be told, plainly and for his own good, that his teaching of literature is impractical and ineffectual. And he is easily convinced that it is.

Perhaps the teacher is to blame. If public education is responsible for adenoids and honesty, for patriotism and daily baths, it should be willing to assume as a matter of course such a small concern as life-long taste in reading and permanent choice of thought-material. It surely is his fault if the pupils rebound like rubber balls from the surface of English literature, at which he has tossed them. The ideal which has constantly stimulated him to further endeavor, is to cause the student who has read one novel of Thackeray under compulsion, to read another at home, of his own free will—and then another. Every teacher dreams dreams. They are realized sometimes, but not

often enough to develop any smugness or vanity in him. And the public reminds him of his failure.

But after all, what if the teacher should turn around and demand a division of responsibility? Perhaps the home no longer functions in teaching its youth to read—but why shouldn't it? Is it an unaskable question?

When an instructor sits in front of a new class in literature and tries to form an estimate of what is before him, even former experience does not preclude a sense of bewilderment, as he contemplates not only the variety of mind—that goes without saying—but all the variety of taste and degree of knowledge and emotional experience and practical information which the different homes and lives of the students have furnished them. Your equipment for a new course in mathematics is your mental powers, by whatever name you call them; your preparation for reading a book is all that you have ever seen and done and thought and read. In a class of thirty there is present all that thirty different homes and experiences have supplied.

And in most cases the homes have supplied very little, in either taste or intellectual experience. For perhaps half—one hesitates to venture upon proportions—of any class, the literature read is entirely detached from anything else upon which their minds work. And this is not the fault of the literature chosen. In every high school—even in every college—a very large number of students come from practically bookless homes. Reading, except for a rather aimless dipping into newspapers, has no part in the life or occupation of the household—not necessarily one of poverty either. There is not even an expectation or illusion regarding it. The reading assigned to pupils from these households is an exotic sort of task, to which neither inclination nor custom nor example leads them.

From this grade they range on up, through those whose homes contain a certificate of respectability in the form of a bookcase with an impossible chaotic collection of rarely opened volumes, accidentally acquired; those from homes of assumed literary tastes, abounding in current magazines and new novels in sectional bookcases, and proud up-to-date readers; up at last to the comparatively few whose taste has been developed and to some de-

gree established by careful home fostering and direction. And a teacher takes a medley like this and turns it all in upon the same field of literature. Being bound in the bands of the College Entrance Requirements, if he is in a high school, he gives them all, regardless of taste or knowledge or previous reading, *Silas Marner*, for example. Jocund or serious, ignorant or informed, they must all read it. One group, readers by taste and home encouragement, with quick visual and sympathetic imagination, and with some knowledge of English life already in hand, take it easily, pleasurably. At the other end of the class is a much larger group, home-starved, unread and uncurious, who know as much of details of English life as they do of the lost books of Tacitus. One boy connects the story with fifty things he has read before; the other connects it with nothing. And out of this conglomerate the teacher is expected—since he alone functions—to develop a finer popular taste.

Moreover, this wide diversity does not depend organically upon any social or financial gradation in the homes represented. No Bradstreet or list of patronesses or society column will give you more than an inkling of what you may expect from your pupils. No matter what social grade the teacher deals with, he begins on a very uneven and unassured foundation for his teaching of literature. Not only the preparation but the attitude is often against him. The fact is, the high school pupil is asked to do, often, what he sees no one else doing. In all his acquaintance of adults—and he knows he is only preparing to be an adult like them—he sees no one reading what he knows as classics. He never, outside of class, hears them praised, or even talked about in any natural way. No one but English teachers is supposed to be interested in them; he even skeptically suspects that their interest is an enforced professional one. He supposes his family to be intelligent enough for any purpose; but when he goes home from his recitation in English, he finds his mother who is "a great reader," giving a few serious hours to Hall Caine or Florence Barclay, and regretting that the new books are really getting ahead of her. His father, whom he considers a very intelligent man, is reading magazines, and is about as likely to read *The Vicar of Wakefield* as he would be to amuse him-

self with a game of logarithms. And those very parents will say later that they have not seen any result from the study of English in high school. If the average boy, on going home from school, should find any member of his family reading, of deliberate choice, for entertainment, any one of the classics read at school, the boy would be stricken beyond power of expression. As for poetry, the connection of that with any natural order of things is inconceivable. If anyone should quote Shelley or Browning at the dinner-table, he would do it shamefacedly, and the whole family would be embarrassed.

Even the sifted-out number who go from high school to college are still marked by the limitations of their training, or lack of training. If an instructor ventures to ask a class of undergraduates, even upperclassmen, what their unrequired reading is, the thing he learns casts a pall over his teaching for weeks. He finds that the very ones who are now dutifully reading Arnold and Meredith and Keats under his enthusiastic and sympathetic direction, are doing their outside reading from sources quite within their own generation. They ingenuously acknowledge preferences for Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton Porter and Myrtle Reed. They are not without literary standards for their choice, however; they find that these writers are "true to life," that you can "almost see" their characters, that their "Nature descriptions are so beautiful." College training has left the students' early taste undamaged.

The present liberality of theory in education—a conscious and striven-for catholicity—tends to put every kind of learning upon the same level. At least that seems to be the application of this catholicity. If a boy can't learn Greek or chemistry, let him make a horse-shoe; if a girl can't read poetry, let her trim a hat. In either case, the youth is being educated; and is not one result as good as the other, if not better? Democracy through education, is the cry. All learning or training is of the same grade. The Greek or science-trained boy and the hat-trimming girl are one, with the advantage on the side of the girl; the only purpose of education anyway is to show one how to make a living. If a man is making a living he is functioning in the highest possible way. English teachers have to hear from

the practical man, "The trouble with English teaching is that all the material of it is impractical and quite out of touch with modern life. Give them something up to date. Substitute Shaw for Shakespeare and George Ade for Bacon and you will get some result." Well, perhaps you would; the force of gravity does assist results.

We make this sort of democracy a slogan without considering whether there is any possibility in it or not. Calling tatting and Æschylus the same thing does not make them so. Pedagogy joys in talking lightly of impossibilities. And in fact we nearly all leave gaps in our recognition of things. We avoid the word aristocracy, in our speech, and all terms that imply serious admission of class distinctions. And yet we all know, whether we are honest enough to acknowledge it or not, that distinctions are going to exist. We may achieve an ideal social scheme in which there will be no artificial gradations, but there will always be natural ones. We talk of universal education, but we really know that it will never come about. Some will be educated and some—even of those who go through high school and college—will not. There will never be a level. Education is not a levelling but an individualizing process. Children of all grades and classes enter high school; and they emerge, not in the same grades and classes, for some will rise and some will sink in the process, but in quite as many. The shifting is determined in part by the school, but more by factors which lie outside of it. The English teacher, for example, wishes that all who pass through his hands might emerge lovers of good reading, prepared to use all that literature has to offer. In his heart, however, he knows that that will never be. Their attainment was determined largely before they ever came to him, determined by their home and its irresponsibility, by their parentage, by the whole course of creation, which may have made all men free, but by no means gave them all the same literary taste.

We need a new distribution of responsibility, and the school should really assist in it, instead of making the division constantly more unequal. In English, some means of uniform grouping of pupils would be of much assistance and would do

away with the heterogeneity which gives a sort of dazedness to much of the present instruction. What I should like to propose as a natural and practical basis for the gradation of these pupils would be, not their age or head-measurements, nor a record of their previous work in other subjects, but an examination of their parents. Examinations, I know, are falling into disrepute—among lecturers especially, who are fond of coming among us and saying that it is a sign of inefficiency for a teacher to give an examination. But this would be one of those practical examinations, which we are all passing or failing in, consciously or unconsciously, all the time. Even those lecturers do not know, perhaps, that we are really examining them while we listen, and sometimes finding them below the passing mark.

This method would require both parents, when they wish to enter a child in high school, for instance, to give a list of their own reading for the past year, the magazines they subscribed for and especially those they bought at the news-stands, the daily paper the father took regularly, as well as the one he read on the car going home, dictagraph records of the family conversation for an entire week, a catalogue of the family library and an explanation of how it was acquired, a list of amusements, both those the parents took alone and those they shared with the children—and anything else the examining board might think pertinent. With these points in hand there would be little difficulty in forming a prompt estimate of the taste of the pupil, his speech usage, general knowledge, and many other things about him. A board would readily determine what work he needed and was capable of doing. The families of a town could be graded as A, B, C, and so on down to Z;—if that did not furnish low enough grades the Greek alphabet could be added below Z,—and kept on record in that way. As they sent up successive children to be entered in school, it would be necessary for the authorities only to look at the family record and assign the youth to his natural place. If at any time the parents should become ambitious to raise the initial rating of their children, they could apply for a new examination, to show that the character of the home had appreciably improved.

The teacher or principal, on entering a new pupil from a family

already on record, would merely look at his register and say, "Robinson? C. W., on Fortieth Street? Let me see—Your family subscribed last year for such and such magazines. They bought pretty regularly such others. They haven't in five years read a book that was more than six months old—generally the very latest possible. They read all the works of So-and-So—consider him the best writer they know. They attend some moving-picture show twice a week. Ye-es. Well, we'll start you in Class W and see what you can do." The method would be very simple.

It might be a good thing to institute a similar test for patrons of colleges. It would doubtless lower the mortality rate there. In this case there should be added an affidavit, taken under stern oaths, of the parents' purpose in sending their offspring to college, and especially of their hope and expectation regarding the result. The college could reserve the right to reject any applicants, or accept them only on probation.

Of course a pupil should not be held absolutely to this resulting classification; he could have a chance to show that by some exception to law, or some outside opportunity or special effort of the teacher, he had better taste or judgment than his parents. That often happens. The plan would not necessarily lead to caste-making. It might even have a good reflexive effect, in that the pupil might, for the sake of his own credit and standing, take in hand the reading and amusements of his parents and the choice of a family library. A general intellectual advance might come about through it, if parents were once convinced by such a definite and authoritative sign that the home did function in relation to its children.

English is the most obvious and natural field for an initial experiment of this sort, but there are doubtless other departments where it would also be effective. If it were proved to all parents that they were actually affecting their children's intellectual progress it would be worth while. This plan would really be the basis for a new sort of Parent-Teacher Association, a very natural and potential one. There might in time be developed a new activity of the parental conscience, which has by no means been dormant in all its functions. A beautiful emu-

lation might arise between the school and the home, and a parental avarice of duties equal to that of the school at present. The school would still be the dominant element, of course, and there would be no reason why emulation should pass into jealousy. The home has really been a very good thing, considering everything. Some of us, if we had to choose between what we learned at school and what we learned at home, would take the latter accumulation, not for any sentimental reasons but merely on its merits. It would be a pity, on the whole, to do away with the home, as some educators practically propose. Would it not be better to make it an important annex to the public schools, than to discard it entirely?

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MACHIAVELLI IN MARLOWE

I

Through the present recurrence of a "strong age" in the history of nations, attention is likely to be focussed again on the works of Niccolò Machiavelli, whose shade still haunts the minds of men. Quite recently, a writer in the *Springfield Republican* pointed to the "growing burden of Machiavellianism in German books" which "has for years been disturbing." It is altogether probable that students of contemporary events will be strongly tempted to discover in the political spirit of to-day the ominous positivism of the Florentine secretary, and to see in certain aspects a causal connection between them. The cry of Nationalism, uttered with such evident feeling in the last chapter of *Il Principe*, the doctrine of the Superman, argued with such cool impersonality throughout that compact little treatise, the tacit denial of the existence of public or political morality everywhere so frankly suggested, invest his book with a startlingly vivid and realistic interest. Perhaps at no time has the world at large been in a better position to ponder his reflections with understanding. Modern representatives of his political theory have popularized his ideas, if not his name. Nietzsche has philosophized Machiavelli. Germany, in the opinion of some, is putting him into practice now, though Frederick the Great, when very young, condemned him as he would not have condemned him later in his career.

In other days the name of Machiavelli was widely known and frequently taken,—especially in England. His thought, however, was misunderstood, and his method uncomprehended. The Elizabethan playwrights cultivated assiduously their pseudo-acquaintance with the Italian thinker, and Eduard Meyer, in his *Machiavelli and the Elizabethan Drama*, has demonstrated impressively the vogue enjoyed by Machiavelli among such characteristic writers for the stage as Kyd, Peele, Greene, Ben Jonson, Dekker, Heywood, Webster, Chapman, Middleton, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakespeare, and the lesser lights of the theatre. Critics of the calibre of Courthope and John Morley have at-

tributed to "Marlowe's conception of Machiavelli's principle of *virtù*" a veritable revolutionizing of the English drama. What the Elizabethans saw in *Il Principe* was that which most casual readers see,—the cynical delineation of a Superman and that sneering disregard of ethics which led the contemporaries of Marlowe to derive the nickname of his Satanic Majesty from the given name of Machiavelli. Their interpretation, it goes without saying, was due in part to the garbled French version of Gentillet, on which the English edition of that period was based, for no English translation of the Italian work itself appeared until a few years before the closing of the theatres; but it is certain that the Superman element would, in any circumstances, have loomed largest in their eyes. The sentiment of *admiration*, which had invaded the theatre, shared the honors with the Aristotelian principles of pity and terror; and big action, big character, big language, of a rather melodramatic and ranting type, appealed most successfully to the devotees of the play-houses. The feeling for bigness, whether commercial or political, artistic or sentimental, was in the air, and authors sought to astound. The warrior who took on the proportions of a Tamburlaine, the miser who could be as consistently and magnificently a miser as Shylock, the skeptic who had the daring of a Faustus, the politician who cherished the boundless ambitions of a Richard III or a Mortimer, the domestic villain who pursued his scheming with the ruthlessness of an Iago, best fulfilled the requirements of the popular ideal.

What were they all, nevertheless, but Supermen? What were they all but Elizabethan personifications of Machiavellian *virtù*?

If we were to regard the political philosophy of Machiavelli merely as the doctrine of the Superman, it would be extremely unhandsome in us to find much fault with it at the present moment. The notion of the Superman has been naturalized among us, both academically and practically, this many a year, and the only glory accruing to Machiavelli in this instance would be that of having played the rôle of a precursor in positivistic political thinking. Had *Il Principe* been written yesterday as an analysis of the Superman in politics by some well-known political authority, it would doubtless have been accepted as a

careful, though perhaps too candid, carrying out of modern scientific principles and of advanced theories of radical philosophy. It would not, indeed, have filled the public ear with the reverberations of a Nietzschean thunderclap, but it would have merited the quiet approval of that small circle of rational beings which recognizes facts when it sees them. Unfortunately, Machiavelli did not entitle his essay the *Superman*, but called it the *Prince* and gave it a concrete application: and more unfortunately, still, he has long been at the mercy of friends, translators, and others traducers of his thought.

The friendly Foscolo, for one, palliates the crude, hard tone of *Il Principe* by referring it to the period in which Machiavelli, while plying the diplomatic trade, was learning the inside of political negotiations,—a period of violent fraud among all the rulers of Europe, and of decadence and impotence for the military and civic honor of Italy. There can be no question of the influence which such knowledge must have had on the essentially realistic mind of Machiavelli. National success he found most flourishing under highly centralized powers controlled by strong-willed men capable, in the Nietzschean phrase, of “transvaluating all values.” Yet the recognition of this fact need not have led him to the unmitigated cynicism laid at his door in such expressions as the following:—

“It cannot be called *virtue* in him to kill his fellow-citizens, betray his friends, to be without faith, without pity or religion; these are ways that may get a man empire, but no glory or reputation,” or, “there remains nothing of this nature to be discoursed but of Ecclesiastical Principalities, about which the greatest difficulty is to get into possession, because they are gained either by fortune or *virtue*, but *kept without either*, being supported by ancient statutes universally received in the Christian Church, which are of such power and authority they do keep their prince in his dignity, let his conversation or conduct be what it will.”

Had he actually been guilty of such flagrant misuse of language and such baseness of thought, all the opprobrium with which his name has been visited would be amply deserved. Fortunately for his repute, we can pronounce him innocent. His translators, from one of whom the above is taken, have unwittingly deepened

the sinister impression created by his too-early use of a scientific method in a study of mass-psychology. They have committed the gross literary crime of rendering Machiavelli's *virtù* by the one word in the English language with which it has no logical connection whatsoever,—*virtue*,—by the one word which is the least suitable for conveying the multifarious meaning of the Italian, by the one word which fails most lamentably to meet Machiavelli's idea of success, and incidentally, Nietzsche's definition of happiness. It is surely something more than a haphazard coincidence that the brilliant German, who most energetically expressed what seems for some decades to have been the fervent national belief of his countrymen, should have employed that omnipresent Machiavellian term in one of his discussions of the aim of life:—

"What is happiness? The feeling that power is increasing, that resistance is being overcome.

"*Not* contentment, but more power; *not* peace, but war; *not* virtue, but valor (virtue in the style of the Renaissance, *virtù*, virtue without moralic acid)" — "*nicht* Tugend, sondern Tüchtigkeit (Tugend im Renaissance-Stil, *virtù*, moralfreie Tugend)."

II

If Mr. Morley's declaration concerning the effect of Machiavelli's principle of *virtù* on the English drama is to receive due weight, a proper understanding of that principle becomes a prerequisite to any intelligent study of the Elizabethan stage, and, particularly, of Marlowe's plays. At the same time, it serves to distinguish clearly the two dominant doctrines of dramatic action,—the Elizabethan, centering about the *will to power* and the quite modern, centering about the *inhibition of the will to power*.

Virtù is nearly ubiquitous in *Il Principe*. It occurs on the first page; it occurs on the last page; and it is found 68 times in the 74 pages of the Italian text. It is frequently met in conjunction with *fortuna*, which is repeated 44 times. By *fortuna*, Machiavelli evidently wished to signify the totality of uncontrolled forces with which leaders have to reckon, since, like Nietzsche's wise man, he admits the possibility of 'lucky throws.' For a leader

in a limited area, that totality will be small; for a leader in a large area, it may become unlimited and almost unmanageable. The task of the man of *virtù* is to diminish by as much as he can the number of uncontrolled forces, and to wipe them out entirely, if possible. The latter is practically what Cæsar Borgia, Machiavelli's Superman, accomplished. There was in him that impulse to let his 'strength discharge itself,' that combination of very great versatility and very great strength in each quality, which Nietzsche considered indispensable in the Superman. He was a leader of "so much courage and *virtù* and knew so well how men were to be won or destroyed, and so solid were the foundations laid by him in such a short time that, if he had not had those armies on his back, or if he had been in good health, he would have overcome every difficulty." His failure to reach his ultimate goal, the mastery of all Italy, was, in the judgment of Machiavelli, due to "an extraordinary and extreme malignity of *fortuna*."

The career of Cæsar Borgia is well known. The *will to power* was his master-faculty. He had early decided to depend entirely on himself, instead of making use of the arms of others, and had lured into his service, by means of honors, gold, and official positions, the well-born adherents of his opponents. The members of the hostile house of Colonna he had scattered, thereby minimizing the power of each, and the Orsini he had supplanted before they were aware of what had happened. When in need of help to quell rebellions, he called on the French, and when the danger had passed, he turned his back on them. To strengthen his position at one period, he became reconciled with the Orsini, and later, under the guise of friendship, had them delivered into his hands. The masses he won over by a taste of prosperity. To overcome the insolence and the robbery committed on the common people by the nobles of Romagna, he saddled on the province a strict and cruel governor. Having gained his end, and finding it now expedient to propitiate some of his enemies, he had his governor assassinated on the public square. Fearing that the next Pope might be his enemy, he put to death such of the despoiled nobles as might have been restored by His Holiness. In furtherance of his plans, he formed

a party of his own in the College of Cardinals, and made friends with the Roman nobility, so as to be able to check the Pope whenever necessary. The French and the Spaniards he played against each other. As soon as the coast was clear, he seized Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna. He was close to the pinnacle of success, when a dangerous and lasting illness brought him low. "Had the Duke been in health at the time of Alexander's death," comments Machiavelli, "everything would have gone well with him; for he said to me on the day when Julius II was created Pope, that he had provided for everything that could possibly occur in case of his father's death, except that he had never thought that at that moment he should himself be so near dying." His only blameworthy act, according to his eulogist, consisted in the election of Pope Julius II whom, while Cardinal, he had offended and caused to fear him. In all other respects, Machiavelli would hold Duke Valentine up as the ideal of those who aspire to sovereignty through the possession of a remarkable *virtù*.

The *virtù* of Cæsar Borgia resides in a cold, calculating manipulation of men and events for political aggrandizement. It considers men as *forces* and not as human beings: and toward these forces, the exponent of *virtù* must maintain the attitude of the physicist or the mathematician. He must know them with precision, must be able to compute what they will add up to, must never delude himself into assuming that they are anything except forces, and must refrain from letting others understand that his theory of society is not purely human, sympathetic, sentimental, and even lachrymose. It presupposes, of course, a nice judgment as to how far men may be driven and how far led. It means the playing of leaders against one another, or the playing of foreign allies or enemies against one another. It includes the seeking of outside help when such help is needed, and the forgetting of such help when the occasion has passed. It permits of bloody deeds, treachery, bribery. At the same time, it absolutely demands high personal courage. Cæsar Borgia's *virtù* is the doctrine of expediency in its most objective, heartless form. It may, nevertheless, be productive of good, for it may save a country or maintain a people in prosperity: and that, it is obligatory on us to remember, is Machiavelli's sole

and ardent thought in composing the book, as he himself tells us when recounting the indignities which Italy was then suffering. Useless or unpremeditated cruelty and the capricious exhibition of power for its own sake are not, in a man like Cæsar Borgia, evidences of *virtù*: they are the most conclusive proofs of the want of it. That Borgia's *virtù* worked successfully, may be gathered from the inability of his enemies to disrupt his party or to seduce his subjects during the long illness which kept him at death's door.

This, therefore, is an Italian Renaissance conception of the political Superman, a glorification of the Will to Power without 'moralic acid,' and, as such, comparable with Nietzsche's more recent exposition. But a crucial difference may be noted in the views of the two men. Nietzsche unhesitatingly encourages the Will to Power in all walks of life, private as well as public. Machiavelli restricts its scope to public office or politics, as Nietzsche himself fully recognizes: "Now no philosopher can be in any doubt as to what the type of perfection is in politics; it is, of course, Machiavellianism." Therein, the Italian is far more "humane" or "moral" than the Slavonic-German philosopher. For as soon as we apply the Will to Power to corporate action, or to the action of a private individual who represents a corporation, we do away with all questions of "humane" responsibility, and proceed on the only rational basis permissible, namely, that of the *success* of the corporation, party, or nation by whatsoever means it may be consummated. The norm of private behavior is the promotion of personal happiness with as little harm to others as possible, and often, with great self-sacrifice. The norm of conduct for persons in public office is the attainment of certain objects esteemed desirable by a nation, or by a party, or by their representatives; and as these objects are economic, social, political, administrative, or religious and inhere in conditions or in masses, not in individuals, they cannot be regulated by the rules of private duty, and the only right rules are those which bring victories. As a matter of logic and historical experience, then, Machiavelli might have asserted that he had said nothing fundamentally shocking or false; and he might have left to the metaphysicians all debating on principles of political

or public morality, the genuine existence or utility of which he must have denied.

Through practical knowledge and historical insight, he had arrived at a conviction as to how big things are achieved in politics: and he had applied his conclusions to the specific case of decadent Italy. The critical need of Italy was a Superman. Machiavelli defined in plain language what the qualities of a Superman in politics must be. How plausibly and cogently he reasoned, the later success of Napoleon and other supreme leaders, and the general feeling that *Il Principe* is a dangerous and pernicious guide, clearly prove.

III

The Elizabethan dramatists, while railing, with Greene, against the "pestilent Machivilian policie," were attracted to the splendid boldness of *Il Principe*. It needs but a hasty glance at their dramatic personages to persuade us of their love for strong, forceful characters who created action, "transvaluated values," and, like Nietzsche's Superman, overcame "even pity for the sake of the far-off goal." To Marlowe, in whom the turbulent Will to Power rose highest, in whom the impulse to do and to say things in a great way was innate, Machiavelli must have appeared a kindred, lofty spirit. How important for Marlowe's dramatic development some historians rate this meeting of like natures, may be gathered from the statement made by Courthope and John Morley and the emphasis placed on it by Meyer:—

"The most colossal figures to be met with in the Elizabethan drama, are Marlowe's Tamburlaine, Faustus, and Barabas: into these Titans he breathed the very soul of his existence,—a wild craving for infinite power. He was the 'notable exception' among the Elizabethan dramatists; for he had studied Machiavelli with a vengeance: and it may be stated as an absolute certainty, that had the *Principe* never been written, his three great heroes would not have been drawn with such gigantic strokes."

Like all the Elizabethan playwrights, Marlowe knew Machiavelli only superficially. He had read him,—or rather, equivocal adaptations of him,—but had never probed his inner meaning. Machiavelli's restricted application of psychology and politics

was removed by Marlowe from its lawful sphere, where, though amazing, it did not seem sardonic, and adjusted to the illimitable range of private life, where it appeared not only villainous, but even subversive of the most sacred social bonds. The Will to Power was magnified at the expense of law and order. The full consequences of that Nietzschean catchword were depicted in the glorious Superman verse of which Marlowe was the creator and in this theme running through each composition: "I love the great despisers. Man is something that hath to be surpassed." Starting from Machiavelli, Marlowe had steered a straight course to Nietzsche. The heights to which Faustus soared far above the flat levels of mere humanity were the logical last step in the march of Marlowe's Supermen.

That Scythian shepherd, Tamburlaine, the contemporary of Chaucer,—what had he to do with Machiavellian policy? Was it his aim to unite a people, to extend its influence, to increase its commerce, to spread its culture, to make the whole earth one vast Samarkand in language, customs, opportunities? Did he harbor the thought of welding into one homogeneous nation the diverse races of Asia and Africa? Did he hold himself bound forever to his immense principality, and thus forced to work out the happiness of his subjects along with his own, as was incumbent on Machiavelli's Italian prince? No. His unique, imperious desire was—

"to be a terror to the world,
Measuring the limits of his empery
By east and west, as Phœbus doth his course."

His political science may be summed up as a boundless, purposeless, completely un-Machiavellian cruelty. Assassination, spoliation, brutality, the murder of his own son by his own hand, marked the progress of his triumphal chariot. His liberality was uncalculating, his eloquence naïvely egoistic, lacking in far-reaching results. A territory conquered was apparently a job finished and done with. The large number of people existing after his departure, patriotism and native ambitions lifting their heads before he was out of sight, the intensification of lingering traditions and racial animosities taking place on recollections of defeat, the religious hatred engendered by his scornful,

blasphemous outbursts,—these considerations, which, in Machiavelli's estimation, it were suicidal to neglect, Tamburlaine passed over as non-existent. Even the certainty that Bajazeth's son, Callapine, whom he had irrationally allowed to escape, would one day, coming to avenge his tortured father, catch him bed-ridden, seems never to have occurred to him.

Tamburlaine's Will to Power was thoroughly lion-like; it was splendid; it was contagious; but it was not Machiavellian. The author of *Il Principe* would have been the last to recommend it as a political asset:—

"It being necessary then for a prince to know well how to employ the nature of the beasts, he should be able to assume both that of the fox and that of the lion; for whilst the latter cannot escape the traps laid for him, the former cannot defend himself against the wolves. A prince should be a fox, to know the traps and snares; and a lion, to be able to frighten the wolves; for those who simply hold to the nature of the lion do not understand their business."

He might have admired the tremendous energy of the Tartar chieftain, but he would have disowned him as a disciple.

Similarly, *The Jew of Malta* and the other dramas of Marlowe reveal a profound inability to grasp the essence of Machiavelli's doctrine. In spite of Marlowe's explicit avowal of the principles which he was endeavoring to put into operation in that rough draft of the *Merchant of Venice*,—

"We pursue
The story of a rich and famous Jew
Who lived in Malta: you shall find him still,
In all his projects, a sound Machiavill;
And that's his character,"—

we are compelled to contemplate with doubt the highly exaggerated portrait he has drawn, and to ask ourselves whether he did not, in truth, unknowingly foster among his auditors that infamous superstition about the nature of Machiavelli and his works which has been handed down through the ages.

If deep-dyed villainy were a synonym for Machiavellianism, Barabas might, indeed, proudly boast of his fidelity to the Italian scribe. Deceit is his method; death, his instrument; inordinate lust for power, the motive force behind his machinations. Not

even his own daughter,—who is to him as Jessica to Shylock,—is safe from his sanguinary designs. The Will to Power has become a Craze for Slaughter, each new deed of horror defeating the effectiveness of that which preceded. Barabas, the fox with the appetite of a lion, loses his cunning in his unquenchable thirst for blood; and the offensive strength of the king of beasts, without which no Machiavellian can justify his title to the name, degenerates in him into the mere fortitude to bear the torments of a final ordeal by fire. With what ease can his failure to honor the memory of Machiavelli be proved! Nothing more is required than a fairly close reading of the two books involved. That the interpretation of Machiavellianism here given is the work of a tyro who has lightly skimmed over the carefully written mature thought of a much-experienced observer of political phenomena, is only too visible on every page. The young dramatist, barely past his majority, could hardly be expected to get the full benefit of that severely compressed wisdom representing the philosophic acquisition of nearly fifty years of incessant activity, study, and reflection.

And so the *Jew of Malta* is vulnerable, as a Machiavellian play, from innumerable angles. In the first place, Barabas is too manifold in his ambitions. To be a faithful Jew, to obtain the greatest happiness for one's daughter,—and that daughter a young Jewess at the perilous age,—to amass colossal wealth, and to secure supreme power among Christians, are conflicting ambitions of too varied a character for any but extraordinary geniuses. Had Barabas been content with power, he might have attained it through conversion and the marriage of his daughter to the Christian Lodowick. But he was a Jew. Had he been satisfied with loyalty to his religion, he might have gained eternal glory by the sacrifice of his dreams of temporal might. But he was ambitious. The two aspirations were bound to nullify each other. In the second place, to poison his daughter without preventing the transmittal of incriminating evidence, was, in a Machiavellian sense, witless. Finally, the confiding mood in which he accepted the proposals of the deposed governor, whose downfall he had accomplished and whose son he had caused to be murdered, was so anti-Machiavellian as to be incredible in

one who professed to be a "sound Machiavill." In *Tamburlaine*, a bitter enemy, the son of a king on whom unforgettable indignities had been heaped, was allowed to live. In the *Jew of Malta*, the victim of the worst harm that could be inflicted was made the arbiter of the fate of the guilty person. Both *Tamburlaine* and *Barabas* remained hopelessly ignorant of the first principles of Machiavellian psychology at the most critical moments in their lives. To make matters worse, *Barabas* attempted to apply to his private life the laws or expedients governing public policy,—an endeavor which finds no support in *Il Principe*.

What Marlowe meant to present in the *Jew of Malta* is one thing: and he failed signally to rise to the occasion. What he actually presented is another thing, which had to be, because a certain Christopher Marlowe was responsible for it, namely a further example of the Nietzschean dicta: "Man has one terrible and fundamental wish; he desires power. . . . There is a universal need to exercise some kind of power, or to create for one's self the appearance of some power. . . ." That same urge was back of the superhuman longings of *Faustus*.

It is only fair to Marlowe, however, to admit that his political plays, *Edward II* and *The Massacre at Paris*, are creditable efforts to employ the Machiavellian art in a fitting environment. Young *Mortimer*, in the former, has the attributes of a successful leader. But, as always in the case of any human character constructed by Marlowe, the Will to Power, the intense, personal, arrogant pride of the man frustrate his laudable ambitions as a ruler. In addition, *Mortimer* was too much of an Englishman to work out a Machiavellian scheme in all its logical details. Traditions, moral conventions, a certain ineradicable optimism, a sort of subjection to what may be called his "better nature," an apparently indestructible belief in the ultimate honor of man, and a stubborn inflexibility of will,—a poor substitute for Machiavellian fluidity of thought and action,—invalidate his good intentions. He suspects *Kent*, yet does not remove him from this sordid world. He should have divined the feelings and the probable conduct of the young Prince, yet complacently expects to be the power behind the throne:—

"The prince I rule, the queen I do command,
 And with a lowly congé to the ground,
 The proudest lords salute me as I pass :
 I seal, I cancel, I do what I will :
 Feared am I more than loved—let me be feared ;
 And when I frown, make all the court look pale.
 I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
 Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.

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 And to conclude, I am Protector now.
 Now is all sure, the queen and Mortimer
 Shall rule the realm, the king ; and none rules us.
 Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance ;
 And what I list command who dare control ? "

These are admirable Machiavellian notions: all that Mortimer lacked was psychological insight. His courage, proved a dozen times, his clever stirring up of rebellion for the purpose of ridding the court of Gaveston, the king's favorite, his plan to keep Gaveston in England, where he could be more easily assassinated, his repeal of Gaveston's exile, for which the king rewards him by appointing him Lord Marshall, his orders to Gurney to worry the king to death rather than to kill him outright, his decision to put an end to the king's life because the populace is beginning to pity him, his prompt murder of Lightborn after the latter has murdered the king,—are all signs of an accomplished politician, but not necessarily of a statesman. To have realized his aims, he should have made allowance for the affection of the English for their king: he should have pitted the barons against one another; he should have debauched the Prince and made him a ready tool or cultivated his friendship in a seemingly sincere manner through the mother; he should have disposed of the king in some really subtle, swift fashion, instead of letting him linger in prison, an object of daily compassion. The whole trouble with Mortimer as a Machiavellian is that he transferred a perfectly good Italian policy to England without making those racial and temperamental modifications demanded by the specific circumstances surrounding him.

The Duke of Guise, in the *Massacre at Paris*, falls far short of the Machiavellian ideal for two simple reasons. Ready as he is to quote Machiavelli for his purposes, he finds himself doomed to failure by that fatal lust for blood which marks the leading

characters in Marlowe's plays, and even more by the counterplots of that genuine, though veiled, female Machiavellian in the drama,—Catherine de' Medici, daughter of the Most Magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici, Duke of Urbino, to whom Machiavelli dedicated *Il Principe* and from whose house he hoped to see the deliverer of Italy appear.

It will have been seen that Marlowe's conception of Machiavellianism was little more than the current Elizabethan conception. It was characterized by mediocre psychological intuition, by want of impersonality, by lack of *finesse*. It was deficient in imagination. It glorified sledge-hammer politics, crass cruelty, and an overweening passion for the Will to Power. It was based on a misunderstanding of the difference between public and private morality. It portrayed monsters. It coincided with the vulgar interpretation of Machiavellianism which has persisted down to the present time. It divorced virtue from *virtù*, which Machiavelli has not deemed by any means a necessary consequence. It eliminated, or nearly eliminated, *fortuna*, since the artificially energetic will-power of Marlowe's creation is incompatible with extraneous acts of chance.

Enamored as Marlowe and his fellow-dramatists were of the fascinating Machiavellian game, only one of them succeeded in playing it in a truly expert manner. That Shakespeare was the man need scarcely be mentioned. His Richard III embodied the spirit of *Il Principe*,—not with absolute perfection, perhaps, since, as Nietzsche points out, Machiavellianism "is superhuman, divine, transcendental, and can never be achieved by man,—the most he can do is to approximate it," but certainly with extraordinary sympathy. Friendless, hated, feared, Richard made of his ambitions a purely intellectual pursuit. Whatever step he took had a complete psychological motivation. His calculation of all the possible moves on the board was rapid and exact. His discrimination between individual and mob psychology was unerring. His knowledge of the feminine heart was uncanny. Withal, there resided in that hectic, syncopated body a comprehension of all that is noble and magnanimous, which leads one to conjecture that in a more enlightened and generous age he might have dazzled by good deeds. Above all,

he was a profound realist, humble before facts, though never elsewhere. Machiavellianism, in a nutshell, is exactly this, leadership based on realism unadulterated by shoddy. Marlowe's interpretation will not stand that test.

How much significance is to be attached to Courthope's affirmation that "Marlowe's conception of Machiavelli's principle of *virtù* revolutionized the English drama," cannot be determined without a thorough examination of the Elizabethan drama in its totality. Strong, domineering characters of the Marlowe type were familiar to Elizabethans before Marlowe began to write for the stage, and Seneca and the Elizabethan criticism of life may be accounted responsible for them in large measure. That Marlowe's interpretation of *virtù* was rather a vital factor in the evolution of a new species of English drama than a revolution of the entire drama, is more than probable. Whatever the truth may be, we should be on our guard against confusing Marlowe's conception of the principle of *virtù* with Machiavelli's expression of that principle. They are not identical. For, if the facts be looked squarely in the face, it will be seen that Marlowe was not so much a Post-Machiavellian as a Pre-Nietzschean.

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MUSIC

In his book on *Heroes and Hero-Worship* Carlyle left the musician without exposition. He makes amongst others the following statement: "Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us nearer to the Infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the Eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations, all nations that can still listen to the mandate of nature, have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was a Vates, admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man." Notwithstanding this tribute, which accords to music the position to which its adherents believe that it has an eminent right, Carlyle does not give the great musician a place among the heroes who have labored with success in the advancement of the race.

So Emerson, in his "Representative Men," speaks of the poet and the mystic, the philosopher, the man of the world, and the writer, but he proceeds in his discussion in apparent unconsciousness of the claim of the illustrious musician to a share in his eulogies of the benefactors of mankind. On the other hand, however, in George Eliot's novel of *Daniel Deronda* there appears a pianist and composer, Klesmer, who makes extraordinary demands for due consideration. This figure is generally regarded as being a portrayal of Anton Rubenstein; and he arrogates to himself an assured position among the great men of his period who mould public opinion and give form and character to the age to which they belong.

It has taken music a long time to come into its own. It is the last of the great arts to reach its majority and accomplish its task. For sculpture we go back to the Greeks; for architecture we have Egypt and Athens and the cathedral building centuries; for painting we have the times of Raphael and Angelo, Dürer and Rembrandt; poetry, the universal art, belongs everywhere; but music has had a long novitiate, has made a slow and arduous

advance through the ages, and has apparently reached its fruition in our own time. It seems strange that it should be so, for dealing as it does with man's emotional nature, so intimate to his very being, one would suppose that it should have been the first in the series.

In one sense it has been the first in the series. In response to the varied experiences of the race, simple and characteristic melodies have sprung up everywhere, folk songs, folk rhythms, folk dances. These are as changeable as the skies that called them forth, and they accompany the march of human life with a persistent comment and expression. Love and hate, patriotism and religion and superstition, find in them revelation and criticism. They make a precious storehouse of material for the musician, just as the racial myths have done for the poet, but the development of the distinctive master in the art has been a work of far more difficulty, and when he came, he was at first willing to take a somewhat subordinate position. He was willing to put his achievement at the service of the poet or the dramatist or the priest; he was willing to exercise his art in submission to the noble ritual of the church, or as an accompaniment to the progress of events on the stage, or give a further refinement to the ode or lyric of his brother, who rather looked down upon him as the lesser personage in the partnership. Finally it dawned upon him that his art was as worthy of cultivation in itself as any of the others, that it might celebrate its independence from these, and in fact that it was capable of a realization to which the poet and the sculptor, the painter and the architect, should bring their contribution. Music has thus, wherever it has appeared, had three stages of development: first, its naïve realization in folk song and instrument; next, the elaboration of its resources in subordination to alien expression; and lastly, its emergence as an independent art, and indeed a new synthesis to which voice and poetry and the rest should give loyal allegiance.

This last success was in a measure brought about by the enlargement and improvement of the orchestra. The symphony gave the composer a form of independent music into which he could pour his deepest thoughts, his intensest feelings. The musical art, like the other arts, claimed for itself the prerogative

of representing life in all its phases and complexities, and a recognition of its great masters equal to that given the master in the other fields of artistic accomplishment. When the next book on heroes and grand men is written, Beethoven will there most assuredly have a place.

If we follow the progress of music, we shall find an increasing apprehension of its capabilities for the expression of the deepest motives, and a growing revelation of its importance in the uplift of man. Wherever music has found genuine lodgment, it took its place at once as an instrument of moral elevation and spiritual insight. Plato has recognized its extraordinary efficiency and connects musical changes with transformations of the commonwealth. He says: "Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just, and beautiful, of which it is the invisible but nevertheless dazzling, passionate and eternal form." The Pythagoreans developed their theory of the music of the spheres, and made instruction in music correlative with the emancipation of the will. Religion everywhere has used music as one of her chief handmaidens and interpreters. Where the voice and exposition of the preacher have failed to bring conviction, the hymn and the sacred chorus have shattered the barriers and entered the sacred places of the heart with messages of healing and purification. The great musicians have been master-instructors, and education has never assumed a more persuasive form than as music.

The great musicians have stood side by side with the benefactors who have achieved most for the advancing rectitude. Palestrina expressed in his motets and in his masses the heights and depths of the Catholic vision, and Dante has no spiritual joys which Palestrina is unable to sing in his luminous medium. John Sebastian Bach needs to fear no comparison with any poet of any time; for fecundity of ideas, for sincerity of purpose, for resolute determination to the highest, he belongs with Luther, who knew how close of kin were song and worship. At the time of Germany's most remarkable outburst in literature and art and philosophy, when Kant delivered his epoch-making lectures, and his great disciple, Hegel, bettered his instruction, when Schiller

and Goethe spoke as the modern man speaks at his noblest, Beethoven was no less an expresser of the eternal verities than any one of these. The Fifth Symphony with its knock of fate at the door, with its andante of golden aspirations, its scherzo of hope and courage, and its final entrance into the realm of free realization, remains to-day a work of creative art such as the Parthenon must have been in all its glory, one of the few things finished in this hasty world, finished forever. The Ninth Symphony, another apocalyptic vision, has in it elements which are such as the deepest consciousness has ever endeavored to make clear to man for his liberation from the bondages of the material self. The later musicians have followed in the same paths: Wagner with his *Tannhäuser*, the salvation through the ministrations of institutional forces from the passions that emerge from the abyss; Strauss with his "Death and Transfiguration," a lyric assurance of immortality; Brahms with his great symphonies, a tonic acceptance of the earthly struggle, and a calm foreknowledge of victory. Music, since it has reached its maturity, has thus accompanied the passage of events with its commentaries and its solutions just as every great art has. Political transformations, æsthetic developments, social modifications, have found in music a coadjutor who knew well whither the advance was tending.

Music exceeds the other arts in that it compels the listener into a closer intimacy with its enchantments. The rapt hearer becomes the symphony which the orchestra pours into the air around it. The experience of the great man to whom have descended, as it were, from the empyrean the harmonies which the obedient instruments and voices send out at his command, are our experiences as we give ourselves to them, and we live through in a brief interval the illuminations, the triumphs, which are not those of a single individual, but which are those of universal man in the attainment of the best that can be. While poetry unquestionably has been above all the other arts the light-bringer and the healing physician, music has immersed us in the deepest movements of life. A hearing of true music is thus the passage from one typical elevation to another with a closeness, a certainty, a conviction, which can be only actuality itself. The region in which music dwells is the universal consciousness which

is freedom and wisdom and goodness conjoined in a unity for which no lesser appellation is possible than that of the celestial beauty.

Does music reach our will and our understanding, does it leave permanent results behind it, does it make for character and for righteousness, does it lead to nobility of conduct, which is three-fourths of our being, as Arnold said, whose voice rings in the ears of the generations forever? The questions are answered, if the foregoing statements are subjects of complete verification, and the history of music will assuredly furnish such verification. What Novalis said of philosophy can be predicated of music, it gives us God, Freedom, and Immortality. Poetry has made man nobler through the purification of his emotions of fear and pity; the coming to life of Hermione, the return to rightful possession of Prospero, the adjudication of the Pope in the "Ring and the Book," uplift us into regions where we find ourselves in our true home and dwelling. The "Magnificat" in Liszt's symphonic poem "Dante," Cèsar Franck's orchestral compositions, take us up into the same atmosphere of invigorant strength and activity.

In its lighter moods music has given to our vivacities an additional charm and halo. The comedy of England and France and Germany has had musical illustrations which do not pale when set beside their prosaic or rhythmical compeers. The "Meistersinger of Nürnberg" will stand the test when placed with the humor of Molière or Shakespeare. The entire production of Mozart—leaving the "Requiem" in its melancholy grandeur—is comedy in its best estate, the brilliant recognition of temporal incongruities placed in contrast with the truths of the world, and showing how those darkeners of counsel with all their terrors and swollen self-appreciations and make-believe torments vanish in the splendor of the skies. The world of music is not tragic, the ripple of humor speeds across the sea-mass of its harmonies with ever-changing flicker of sunlight or moonlight, the voices that ring throughout its distances of plain and mountain are those of rejoicings over the disappearing tribulations that assail us.

Is music only a kind of supreme pleasure to which we give such interpretation as we bring to it? Is Absolute Music, which

is unaccompanied by any verbal text or programme, only a series of sounding forms so arranged as to produce the noblest effects? In the development of the art the passage has been made from pure music to programme music with its names of movements and its texts, in which the most varied harmonic complexities have illustrated the most recondite themes; the operas of Wagner, the symphonic poems of Strauss, and the works of Vincent d'Indy, show to what extent the musical idealization of such themes has gone; but Mendelssohn refused to give names to his "Songs without Words" because they were, from his point of view, as clear as any lyrics ever written, and the youth, who, when under twenty, could write music for Titania and Oberon as the master spirit of the ages saw them, had a right to be heard in his maturity, which was one of learning and wisdom and service. Robert and Clara Schumann, who were in music a pair of wedded lovers like the Brownings in poetry, considered themselves as apostles of a dispensation which was to furnish peace and consolation to those who accepted it. Elizabeth Barret Browning in her religious devotion to her poetry did not go beyond Clara Schumann. The world of music like the world of poetry contains the noblest inspirations of the noblest souls at the height of their giving when the Mystery becomes Revelation and the Master speaks His inmost message with a persuasion that is the invincible allurements of truth and love.

The emotional nature of man in its close relation to the will, overpowering the latter too often with the force of its propulsions, stands as much in need of rational development as the intellect for whose clarification and admission into the established inheritances of truth we have built so many honored institutions. Religion has put forth all its efforts so that the will of the race shall be bought into the avenues which lead to fruitions beyond the temporal experiences. For the emotions no discipline can be devised more effective than submission to the enthrallments of music. The emotions have their dialectic as has the intelligence; and the symphony, the sonata, the idyl, call for the same devotion and interpretation as the drama or the romance or the lyric rapture of the poet. It will be a happy consummation when this is fully recognized, and when man shall feel that he

needs to know Beethoven and Bach and Brahms as he needs to know Dante and Shakespeare. It will be good for him to trust himself for adventurous voyagings on

"The tide of music's golden sea
Setting towards Eternity."

In a book recently published, the Rev. R. Heber Newton speaks as follows: "Music is not an imitation of nature. Nature provides no ready-made models of melody or harmony, as she provides perfect types of form and color. Hints she gives of music, but only hints. Man evolves music from his own nature. It is distinctively the human art. It comes forth in the awakening self-consciousness of man. Music expresses the awakening self-consciousness of man as he confronts the mystery of the universe, only to find a deeper mystery within himself. The marvelous creations of modern music are studies in self-consciousness; attempts to run the gamut of man's moods, to fathom the problems of his being, to find a voice for

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light."

Music is then man's interpretation of the mystery of the nature found without him by the secrets of the nature found within him. It is the universe read in the terms of self-consciousness." Moreover, we have all heard the music of the spheres in the following passage, which brings our tribute to an appropriate close:—

"There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls."

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THE APPRECIATION OF LITERATURE

"He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies." The truths involved in this dictum of Emerson's appear sufficiently obvious in connection with most of man's mental activities. We recognize that the chemist must carry a considerable cargo of knowledge about metals and salts and reagents before he can bring any great amount of valuable information out of his laboratory; and so with the astronomer, the biologist, the physician, the man of commerce. It is only in the sphere of literature that we fail to realize the need of bringing knowledge to the book as an inevitable preparative for carrying knowledge from the book. We voyage with empty bottoms to the Realms of Gold, and then wonder why we fail to return with ingot-laden holds.

We appreciate a poem as we see in it a representation, or interpretation, of life, of our own life,—of our intellectual, sensuous, and emotional experience; we fail to appreciate as the poem offers a representation, or interpretation, of intellectual, sensuous, or emotional states which lie outside our experience. This thesis does not mean that to be appreciated, the poem must be a transcript of our own life, nor yet merely that experience brings with it a deeper and broader mental and spiritual being. It means something less than the former and more than the latter. That we may really appreciate and enjoy a work of literary art, this work must present a situation or emotion capable of reproducing in us a mental or spiritual state which we have already known. The poem becomes a mirror wherein we see reflected our own life, not indeed in its details—most of these, spiritually, may be accidental—but in its essence. Thus we have formed objectively a sort of spiritual memory image.

In this connection we recall Matthew Arnold's defining of poetry as a criticism of life, yet Arnold would repudiate any such interpretation of his definition as I have put forth; in fact, he has done so: "A poet or poem," he says, "may count to us on grounds personal to ourselves. Our personal affinities, likings, and circumstances have great power to sway our estimate of this or

that poet's work. And thus we get the source of a fallacy in our poetic judgments—the fallacy caused by an estimate which we may call personal."

We may agree with Arnold that this personal basis of judgment leads to error in absolute appraisement, and yet urge that it forms the truest touchstone of our personal appreciation,—of what the poem is really worth to us.

The whole force of this principle lies in its application, and this application each one can probably best make for himself. In a limited space, however, it can be applied in a few illustrations which may be at least suggestive and which may give it a greater clearness and significance.

For purposes of this discussion we may recognize four classes of literary elements and, for convenience' sake, may term them, first, the purely intellectual element; second, the presentively sensuous element; third, the representively sensuous element; and, fourth, the representively emotional or spiritual element.

The most obvious of these sources of literary appreciation, the purely intellectual, is found in the satisfying of mere intellectual curiosity, the desire for novelty and excitement. This forms the basis of most narrative, particularly of most fiction. If this element be somewhat refined, it becomes a sense of intellectual surprise, finding its cause either in the situation portrayed, in the idea presented, or in mere verbal expression. Out of the surprise of situation, especially where the quality of incongruity exists, arises what is popularly called Humor; and out of the surprise of idea or of verbal expression, arises Wit. The demand for appreciation is here mainly, almost exclusively, an intellectual one. At the lowest it requires intellectual clarity, and at its highest no more than intellectual subtlety.

There is in this connection a wide range and diversity of appreciation. Of the thousands who daily laugh over Goldberg's cartoons, not one, possibly, would find the smallest interest in *Don Quixote*; and while it requires small effort to enjoy the absurdities of "Mr. Dooley" or George Ade, the merely intelligent reading of *Tristram Shandy* or the *Autocrat* presupposes no small degree of intellectual culture. Still this diversity is almost

entirely on mental grounds, and experience plays here a very small part.

Turning next to the presentively sensuous element in literature, we find a range of appreciation equally wide. By the term, presentively sensuous element, are meant those qualities of the literary work which make a direct appeal to the senses of the reader, irrespective of any thought conveyed or any feeling suggested. In prose this manifests itself principally in the form of expression, its symmetry and harmony. In poetry there is the added charm of rhythm, rhyme, alliteration, and the melody dependent on consonant and vowel tone values. A stereotyped example of this element is found in Poe's *The Bells* and Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*. This beauty, however, is more telling when it is produced more subtly, as when Tennyson weaves the magic spell of his little moon-tipped lullaby or Rossetti makes into a strain of rare music the mere enumeration of Mary's hand-maidens,—

"Whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret, and Rosalys."

Appreciation of the purely sensuous side of poetic art is of like nature with that of every other art form. It is a growth. The fact that a man can enjoy a sketch of Gibson's does not imply that he can find pleasure in a Botticelli madonna; and a delight in the latest piece of rag-time, come from the Winter Garden all hot, does not suggest even a remote interest in a Beethoven sonata. This growth, in the pictorial and musical arts, is secured partly through the study of abstract principle, but mainly through long-continued contact with the embodiment of the principle. It is in like manner that we grow from an appreciation of such obvious melody as that of Kipling's *Mandalay* or Alfred Noyes's *Forty Singing Seamen* to a joy in the "plaintive anthem" of Keats's nightingale and the "lisp of leaves and ripple of rain" which fill shadows and windy places of Swinburne.

While there is this strong dependence of appreciation upon growth, still here again growth is largely independent of experience. The æsthetic faculties, like the intellect, may be expanded without any real enlarging of the spiritual man. Per-

fection of literary form may be attained by a writer as passionless as Pope, and demands just as little of warm humanity for the purposes of appreciation on the part of the reader.

Although this presentively sensuous element in literature has been spoken of as if it were a thing apart from the thought and spirit, we realize that it is of the very essence of literature, and can no more be dissociated from the substance than the human body can be divorced from the mind and soul. It is that robe of "intertissued pearl and gold" that we shall always require for our noblest thoughts: the loftier the thought, the more imperative the demand for a superiority of diction marking its style and manner.

A different condition arises when we turn to consider the representively sensuous element in literature. By this term may be understood the production or revival in the mind of the reader of a sense impression, conveyed through the agency of a literary work. Here the function of the artist is twofold. First of all, he teaches us to see. He opens bit by bit the sluice-gates that the flood of beauty may gradually find a passage into our lives. In this, the work of the artist is slow and tedious, and his power limited. He is trying to aid us in gathering together a store of sense impressions, which he can afterwards readjust and fill with life. In this last clause appears his second function, wherein he plays the part of the master stage-manager. With memory acting as his stage-carpenter and scene-shifter, he drags forth the stored up properties, touches them with his magic wand, and transforms them into Forests of Arden or flowery meads of Bohemia or moon-steeped midsummer woods and plains of Attica. Nor is this all. He plays the alchemist and discovers the philosopher's stone. At his touch our six gray mice suddenly become prancing stallions, and our homely yellow pumpkin is changed into a coach all golden. Yet even Cinderella's fairy god-mother requires that first there be the six gray mice and the yellow pumpkin.

The boldest flight of fancy on the part of the writer is no more than a reassembling and rearranging of impressions acquired first through experience. The same truth controls the response of the reader. No word-picture, however vivid, can create in

the mind of the reader an image other than nebulous and impotent unless there is already present, acquired through experience, materials which the wand of the enchanter can readjust, fill with new life, and interpret. The sea poetry of Arnold and Tennyson must remain largely meaningless to one who has not also seen "the wild white horses foam and fret," or heard the league-long roller "climb and fall and roar rock-thwarted under bellowing caves, beneath the windy wall." No one can have any real understanding of Coleridge's Mont Blanc or Wordsworth's Snowdon unless he too has stood before some lofty peak, "companion of the morning star at dawn, and of the dawn co-herald," and felt its awful height "utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise."

Here again, moreover, appears the principle of growth in appreciation. One may enjoy Tom Moore's rather glaring Oriental settings, or even the equally brilliant but more complex canvases of Ruskin, yet be indifferent to the beauty where the picture is more subtly presented. Closely associated with this fact is the gradation of subtlety on the part of the writer, as he seeks less and less for a direct presentment of detail and relies more and more on suggestion. The picture may be as carefully wrought a study as that exquisite miniature which Browning calls "A Face,"—

"Painted upon a background of pale gold,
Such as the early Tuscan art prefers.

Or the writer may rely more upon his reader's imagination and secure his effect with a few bold strokes, as does Tennyson in the tapestries wherewith he has draped the walls of his *Palace of Art*. The picture becomes most effective, however, when it is conveyed with a minimum of detail and an almost entire relying upon imagination,—provided, of course, the reader can respond to the demand on his imagination. A striking illustration of this quality appears in William Morris's picture of Guinevere facing her accusers,—the damp hair swept carelessly back from the white brow, eye and cheek aflame, the whole form eagerly intent, yet about the thin lip a hovering smile of scorn and the regal head proudly unbowed—all woman and all queen:—

"But knowing now that they would have her speak,
 She threw her wet hair backward from her brow,
 Her hand close to her mouth touching her cheek,
 As though she had had there a shameful blow.
 And feeling it shameful to feel aught but shame
 All through her heart, yet felt her cheek burned so
 She must a little touch it."

The writer may even get his effect by a single stroke of his brush, as Henley in his *Margaritæ Sorori*:—

"The Sun
 Closing his benediction
 Sinks, and the darkening air
 Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
 Night with her train of stars
 And her great gift of sleep."

*Night with her train of stars
 And her great gift of sleep.*

In these two lines are all the mystery and splendor of night,—the unmeasured and measureless vastness and peace, the far silent stars—and the great gift of sleep.

Perhaps the most notable example in English letters of conveying a sense-impression through sheer suggestion is Browning's familiar description of the song of the thrush; and well known as it is, it is hard to forbear quoting it in part:—

"And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge,—

Here the poet pauses to listen; and if you have ever heard the melody of the thrush, a silver flute-note sounds in your ear as it does in his. Then, as the music dies away across the fields rough with hoary dew, he takes up again his own silver song,—

"That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture!"

Not, however, until we come to consider the representively emotional and spiritual element in literature, do we find the most impressive application of the principle, that our appreciation is dependent upon and proportional to our personal experience.

Before there can be any genuine response to the stimulus of the poet's we must have realized in our own life the sentiment of joy or sorrow which we see there portrayed; and this response is proportional to the depth and extent of our emotional and spiritual being.

It may be true that beauty is its own excuse for being; that the work of poetic art has the same justification as the full-blown rose, the breaking wave, the stars of the summer midnight, or the Winged Victory, the Sistine Madonna, the Ninth Symphony. Yet this view merely tests its absolute worth, and not its worth to you and to me.

Now, as a matter of fact, the emotional range of a large part of mankind is extremely limited. Most lives run in a channel without great breadth or depth; constitutionally or because of the setting of their lives, most men feel only the more primitive and commonplace sentiments. Hence it is that poems conveying these simpler emotions, like those of Longfellow and Burns, make the widest appeal. As the emotion becomes loftier or more complex, there is a proportional decrease of readers, or appreciators. Most readers react to the conventional piety of Whittier's *The Eternal Goodness*, the mild melancholy of the *Elegy*, or the virile hardihood of *Horatius*, yet find very unreal the ecstasy of Shelley's *Skylark*, the longing and disappointment of the *Ode to the West Wind*, or the militant faith of *Saul*. This is only saying that man appreciates the poem as he finds in it a reflection and interpretation of life—of his own life.

Hence, too, it is that a poem which at one period of our life we read with indifference may become afterwards an enduring source of literary enjoyment. It is only after some great purifying force—either a great happiness or a great grief—has come into our life, leaving it sweet and cleansed of every stain, that we can understand the exquisite purity of Pippa's dew-drenched morning song. To know the meaning of *Andrea del Sarto*, we must have sat, as he, at twilight, looking a half-hour forth on Fiesole, when youth and hope and art are all toned down, and a common grayness silvers everything. There come into the lives of us all, moments when the reservoirs of being seem utterly drained of their living waters; when the dull mist closes in upon

us from all sides, blinding the sight, deadening the will, chilling the heart. Then it is that a little poem which we may have read with indifference a score of times, becomes for us pregnant with all meaning,—Rossetti's simple stanzas to *The Woodspurge*.

Tennyson has given us an excellent illustration of this truth in his *Elaine*. The great Lancelot has ridden into the simple world of the Lily Maid; he has been her knight and has suffered for her sake; she has known the supreme giving of a perfect love and a perfect service; and now he has ridden away, and the sunlight has faded from her sky.

"So in her tower alone the maiden sat:
His very shield was gone; only the case,
Her own poor work, her empty labour, left.
But still she heard him, still his picture formed
And grew between her and the pictured wall.
Then came her father, saying in low tones,
'Have comfort,' whom she greeted quietly.
Then came her brethren saying, 'Peace to thee,
Sweet sister,' whom she answered with all calm.
But when they left her to herself again,
Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field
Approaching through the darkness, called; the owls
Wailing had power upon her, and she mixt
Her fancies with the sallow-rifted glooms
Of evening, and the moanings of the wind."

As perfect as is the whole passage, the master-touch lies in two lines:—

"His very shield was gone; only the case,
Her own poor work, her empty labour, left."

Who that has come back to the empty chamber which held a presence it shall hold no more, and sees here and there the little objects which knew the daily touch of the hand now vanished, but knows the fullness of Elaine's desolation?

There are, however, two facts that apparently refuse to adjust themselves to the principle herein enunciated. How, in the first case, shall we account for the frequent appreciation among youth of the more somber types of literature, portraying phases of experience that cannot have been encountered in their own lives; and, in the second place, how shall we account for the appreciation at all of the great masterpieces—the *Antigones*, the

Fausts, the Hamlets—where the spiritual struggle is outside the experience of even the greatest of us?

A psychological truth may lead us to an explanation of the first difficulty. The period of adolescence is one of peculiarly vivid sense-impression; at no other time of life is man so sensuously aware of the world around him,—the blue depth of heaven's vault, the piercing fragrance and beauty of the flowers, the fantastic arabesques of the wind-wrought leaf-shadows, the golden dust of the sunset. But the heavens are scarred with tempest; the flower fades; the naked tree shivers in the blast of winter; the sunset glory pales into the gray of evening. With sensitive youth this eternal flux of things translates itself, consciously or subconsciously, into a poignant symbol of the futility of all life—"We are such stuff as dreams are made on." This attitude is not necessarily a morbid one; it may be rather a testimony of hale and abundant vitality. The more vivid the perception, the more violent the reaction. Thoughtful, sensitive youth are the most sincere of pessimists and the truest disciples, not indeed of the leaden paragraphs of Schopenhauer, but of the rose-tinted stanzas of the *Rubaiyat*. There has, in truth, not yet come into their lives that meliorism which grows out of real sorrow. It is at twilight that the world is narrowest and bleakest; when the night has come, the universe grows once more ample and free. And then, too, the great stars appear.

It would be easy to meet the second difficulty, regarding our appreciation of the world's greatest work, with the answer that there is no general appreciation of these "captain jewels of the carcanet." It is more to the point, however, to call attention to a significant fact: the parts of these poems which are generally known are just those which express an experience generally understood. The one well-known passage of *Antigone* is the chorus of the Theban Elders apostrophizing love. The fragment of the *Divine Comedy* which is common property is the tangled web of love and sin and jealousy wherein Francesca, Paolo, and Lanciotto struggle and perish. The Ophelia thread in *Hamlet* is to most minds the major motif of the play. The most striking illustration of this truth, however, is found in connection with Goethe's master-work. To most people the whole of *Faust* is

summed up in the Marguerite episode, an episode that is essentially little more than an incident in the profound soul-drama—with its “armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk”—of which the protagonist is the centre.

The general familiarity with these minor elements of their respective works is not solely, nor chiefly, due to their having been given currency as isolated ideas. On the contrary, they were isolated and became current because they represented a phase of life which, at least in some degree, the major part of mankind has known and felt.

There still remains, however, a residuum of readers who refuse to be reduced by so simple a process, and to whom Orestes and Electra, Œdipus and Iphigenia, Lear and Desdemona, are living light-fountains of eternal truth and beauty. These creations have a being apart from the narrow setting in which they are placed by Æschylus and Sophocles and Shakespeare; they palpitate with an unending and endless life. It remains, then, to account for this fact.

These great literary masterpieces are the embodiment of those elemental emotions which are the basis of our spiritual being. One does not have to know the story of Iphigenia and Othello to know the emotion of pity for innocence suffering or of stern indignation against treachery and betrayal. Then, too, there thrills through these great treasures of the past that elemental terror of an unseen destiny,—that arch-fear of death and death-in-life,—which freezes alike the heart-blood of the man in the modern city and of the savage in the primeval forest. Now it is the voice of the Celtic House of Usna, shrilling through the Druid-haunted oak-forests, “Deirdre is dead, Deirdre the Beautiful!” Now it is the bitter cry of once proud Œdipus, blind and “groping his way to hide the dwindling remnant of his life in Hades dark,” with Jocasta,—queen and wife and mother, and, beyond, the wailing of the Chorus. Now it is the fierce raving of Lear, with a universe crashing about his old gray head, as if to prove that all kingship were merely “a crown left in the desert to become the spoil of the adder and the pillow of wandering dust.” And so, through much of madness and more of sin, we follow the Theban dynasty and Pelops’ line; we wander through

the haunted courts of the House of Malatesta, and the House of Macbeth, and the House of Ravenswood; until we come to the latest sister of these children of Destiny,—poor, bewildered Tess of the House of the D'Urbervilles, struggling blindly to her doom in that labyrinth whose only exit is the trap-door of the scaffold. Yet these emotions exist outside the poem and in our own souls; and the poem is only "a fowler snaring them in a net."

These emotions are elemental as a musical phrase is elemental. As our life is broadened and deepened by experience, the phrase is amplified and glorified into the symphony, until that which could once have been played upon a single flute now demands the entire range of the orchestra. There is in every great literary work a godlike plenitude, and to whoever asks shall be given—but only as he is able to receive. As Walter Raleigh has phrased the truth: "We receive but what we give, and take away only what we are fit to carry."

One great truth follows from the principles above adduced,—that of the permanency of great literature. There will come whole eras when, as at the present time, literature will suffer a long neglect. The age will find its interests mainly in material activities; its emotional and spiritual life will become shallow and dormant; it will seek from books no more than recreation and relief from mental exertion. But the spiritual will eventually reassert itself. Then will literature return once more to its true currency and supremacy; for it is the supreme conservator and interpreter of life, the mirror wherein man sees the reflection of his own soul.

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A MODEL AMERICAN LIBRARY OF 1793

"*A Selected Catalogue of some of the most esteemed Publications in the English Language. Proper to form a Social Library: With an Introduction upon the Choice of Books.* By Thaddeus M. Harris, A.M., Librarian of Harvard University. . . . Boston, 1793," is the title of a pamphlet in possession of the American Antiquarian Society. The librarian, when his attention was called to it, said that its existence had been before unknown to him, a fair proof, when one considers the remarkable information concerning old publications possessed by the librarian in question, that the existence of the pamphlet had practically, if not completely, passed from the memory of students of the early life of America. At any rate, this catalogue by Harris throws much light upon cultural, educational, and literary conditions in this country a century and a quarter ago.

"I have remarked with pleasure," he begins in his Introduction, "the reviving taste for literature among the different classes of people throughout the state. And the number and improved condition of our schools and other seminaries of learning, and daily plans for forming private and social libraries, are evidence of its increase, and predictions of its more general diffusion. Books, of course, are in great demand, and eagerly read. But they have become so exceedingly numerous as to require uninterrupted attention, through more than the longevity of an antediluvian, to peruse them all." "Surrounded by the largest collection of books in America, and having made it a constant practice to read *all* the English reviews," he thinks it not presumptuous to make this choice of books for the less fortunate. "As it has been my endeavour to form a catalogue for a *small* and *cheap* library, intended to suit the tastes and circumstances of common readers, many valuable works, in the higher departments of science, have been intentionally omitted." Enough, however, he affirms is included "*under each head to give a satisfactory and comprehensive (though in some instances very short) view of that particular department of knowledge.*"

What does Harris mean by a "social library"? Evidently

he is using the word *social* in the widest possible sense, "relating to men living in society, or to the public as an aggregate body," as the catalogue itself will show, and not in the more highly specialized modern sense of the word where it tends to become more and more nearly confined to what may be synonymously expressed by *companionable, familiar, festive*. The word itself bears witness to the comparative simplicity of life in that period, and its lack of specialization: all human activities are lumped, more or less.

The Revolution, while it increased, of course, the number of political pamphlets, produced as a whole a deterrent effect upon the production and the spread of literature of a less controversial and purely temporary type. The stress of conflict and the needs of reconstruction left small chance for purely æsthetic interests. In 1793, however, Harris, who is apparently of all Americans in one of the best places to detect such a movement, sees a "reviving taste for literature"; and the catalogue is an attempt to meet, and, in some measure, to direct it.

But Harris did not feel himself capable of such direction without some extraneous aid. Practically no American, one may venture to say, would have so considered himself at this period; for the note of colonialism is strong in our intellectual life during this generation, and for that matter, during more than one subsequent one. Typically, then, Harris has "read *all* the English reviews." But one need not, on that account, distrust his ideas of what an American library should be like; for as our entire population was still looking largely towards England for intellectual guidance, he remains truly representative.

Moreover, Harris says that his catalogue is "intended to suit the taste and circumstances of common readers." Therefore the library he has planned reflects the intellectual needs of the people as a whole during his time, and not those of any particular class.

He follows Bacon and d'Alembert in dividing knowledge into the "three great divisions of the mental faculties, *memory, reason, and imagination*." The subdivisions under each head and the number of entries under each are interesting.

"Memory.—I Sacred History [8 entiers]; II Ecclesiastical History [2]; III Civil History, including Biography [40]; IV

Natural History [6]; V Voyages and Travels [24]; VI Geography and Topography [8].

"Reason.—I Theology [34]; II Mythology [3]; III Ethics [8]; IV Grammars and Dictionaries [7]; V Logic, Rhetoric, and Criticism [5]; VI General and Local Politics [10]; VII Law [5]; VIII Metaphysics [3]; IX Arithmetic, Geometry, and Algebra [4]; X Natural and Experimental Philosophy, including Astronomy [4]; XI Chymistry [3]; XII Agriculture [3]; XIII Arts and Manufactures [18].

"Imagination.—I Poetry and the Drama [30]; II Works of Fiction [11]; III Fine Arts [5]; IV Miscellanies [35]."

The entire number of entries is 276, the number of volumes is approximately 700. The cost of such a library at that time is somewhat problematical, but in the editions mentioned, which unfortunately are specified only occasionally, it could not have been, at the very least, less than \$1,500, a sum equal in purchasing power to several times that amount now.

Let us look at some of these divisions more closely; and let us select for special comment some of the works which throw most light upon the tastes and the needs of the frequenters of libraries in New England in 1793.

It is well perhaps to say "New England" in regard to three at least of the subdivisions which Harris gives. "Sacred History," "Ecclesiastical History," and "Theology" would be grouped by a modern librarian under the term *religion*. Even though *Ye Beare and ye Cubb*,—one of the first plays, if not the very first, acted south of the Mason and Dixon Line, got the actors into trouble, and even though the piety of the South has never been questioned, still, had the librarian of William and Mary or of any other Southern college drawn up such a plan, he would hardly have given to religion a total of forty-four entries out of two hundred and seventy-six, as did Puritan New England. I am inclined to think, also, that belles-lettres would have fared somewhat better in the South than it does here. But in broad outlines Harris's choice will apply to both sections. Into the ecclesiastical literature of the time it is not necessary at this date to enter: it is more abstruse than alchemy, more juiceless than an Egyptian mummy. Its psychology has been revealed in the

multitudinous pages of a Mather and a Cotton, a Mayhew and a Dwight. Let him who lists read Michael Wigglesworth's *Day of Doom*.

When, however, we turn to historians and biographers, Harris gives us names to conjure with: Belknap, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Hume, Hutchinson, Johnson, Robertson, Rollins, and Voltaire. Perhaps no one ever conjured with the name of Jeremy Belknap (1744-98), yet he did good service in the cause of American scholarship when he issued his *History of New Hampshire* and his *American Biographies*—even though the latter did begin with Biron, Modoc, and Zeno. The laurels on the brows of some of the others are sadly faded now; but in their own time they were all giants. Of all these, Goldsmith was assuredly the most popular, with Robertson a close second. William Robertson (1721-93), a Scottish historian, had works on Scotland, Charles V, Greece, and South America, and as early as 1792 his *Historical Disquisitions concerning the knowledge which the Ancients had of India* had been published, in octavo form, at Philadelphia. The high degree of specialization implied in this title indicates the unquestioned standing which its author had as a historian, for only a great reputation would make such a publication profitable in America. Robertson was, for his time, an accurate and painstaking historian whose appeal was to the most cultured readers of the period. But most of the histories of these days were inclined to approach more nearly the following two entries: Northouck's *Historical and Classical Dictionary; containing the Lives and Characters of the most eminent persons, in every age and nation, from the earliest periods to the present time*, in two volumes, octavo, and Thompson's *Spirit of General History, from the 8th to the 18th century; in a series of Lectures, wherein is given a view of the progress of Society, in Manners and Legislation, during that period*, octavo, London, 1792. Out of the forty titles under this general heading, seven are concerned with the history of the colonies, one with South America and one with the East and the West Indies. The popularity of the latter, Raynal's *Histoire philosophique et politique des établissements et du commerce des Européens dans les deux Indes* in its English translation of eight volumes was unusually great in this country,

a fact largely accounted for by revolutionary opinions therein expressed. Smollett, strange to say, is omitted, an omission that is even more marked in the field of fiction.

The History of England by Goldsmith was immensely popular, a popularity which endured far into the nineteenth century. As a whole, Goldsmith was correct enough for our forefathers, and in vivid style and human qualities all competitors were left far in the rear. For example, speaking of the women of early Britain he says: "Their hair was bound in wreaths, or fell in curls upon their shoulders; their arms were bare, and their bodies uncovered; fashions, which in some measure, seemed peculiar to the ladies of England to this day." Sober Clio, how she must have suffered from such passages! But our forefathers enjoyed them. Doubtless, too, many of them were ready to believe that King Arthur "killed no less than four hundred and forty of the enemy with his own hand."

Goldsmith also figures in the next division made by Harris, that of Natural History. His *History of Animated Nature*, 1784, had a great popularity until comparatively recent times. Harris does not include it in its entirety, doubtless because of the high price incident to its numerous plates. The full list, six entries in all, is as follows: Kirwan's *Mineralogy and Metallurgy*, 2 volumes; *Magellan on Mineral Waters and Eudeometers*; *Natural History of Insects*, compiled from Swammerdam, Brooks, Goldsmith, etc., embellished with plates, octavo, Perth, 1792; Riley's *Beauties of Creation: or a New Moral System of Natural History*, 2 volumes, London, 1790; Rousseau's *Botany; System of Natural History: Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, and Insects*, 3 volumes, octavo, Edinburgh, 1792.

One of these works, it may be noted in passing, was published at Perth, Scotland, a place which, together with Dublin, is surprisingly well represented in the publications of the times. Only occasionally does Harris specify editions, but he gives the size of the book in the large majority of cases. Our forefathers were determined to get full value for their money, and in a somewhat uncritical and unscientific age they made sure of quantity at least.

Magellan's contribution throws a pleasant light upon some of the blind alleys our ancestors got into, while Riley's new moral

system which he had evolved from the beauties of creation was no doubt popular with the great orthodox public.

One of the works on natural history most in vogue, *Erasmus Darwin's Botanic Garden, a Poem in Two Parts; Containing the Economy of Vegetation and the Loves of the Plants, with Philosophical Notes*, is given, however, under "Poetry and the Drama," Harris apparently being under the impression that the medium rather than the matter was the determining factor. The elaborate footnotes, containing what was, for the time, the solid information that our forefathers sought after, helped to popularize the work. Indeed, there is a larger amount of reading in the notes than in the text. Here was the æsthetic appeal of verse united to the most advanced science of the time, and doubtless our ancestors derived both "pleasure and profit" from its perusal. It is not a classic, like Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*, because mere information overpowers imagination and sense of form, if Darwin possessed either of these. Commendatory poems by Cowper and by Hayley and the numerous fairly good illustrations aided in firmly establishing its wide popularity. The "Love of the Plants" is followed by the "Origin of Society." The entire volume serves as a sort of scientific manual of the time, chemistry, geology, biology, astronomy, and religion being passed in review.

It was a period, too, of sentiment that found expression in the *Botanic Garden* in this country long after Canning's burlesque, the "Loves of the Triangles," had laughed it out of its high standing in Great Britain.

The *Loves of the Plants* begins:—

"Descend, ye hovering Sylphs! aerial quires;
And sweep with little hands your silver lyres;
With fairy footsteps print your grassy rings,
Ye Gnomes! accordant to the tinkling strings:
While in soft notes I tune to oaten reed
Gay hopes and amorous sorrows of the mead.—
From giant oaks, that wave their branches dark,
To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark,
What beaux and beauties crowd the gaudy groves,
And woo and win their vegetable loves.
How snowdrops cold, and blue-eyed harebells blend
Their tender tears, as o'er the stream they bend;

The love-sick violet, and the primrose pale,
 Bow their sweet heads, and whisper to the gale;
 With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
 And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups.
 How the young rose, in beauty's damask pride
 Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
 With honey'd lips enamour'd woodbines meet,
 Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet."

Here is sentiment enough for our forefathers. Doubtless our ancestors held that, as an editor of Goldsmith says in regard to Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, to Darwin "belonged the privilege of exhibiting in the golden light of genius a subject which had hitherto been only partially or barrenly disclosed." Just how barren even Goldsmith's disclosure was, viewed from a modern standpoint, may be gauged by a chapter of approximately fifteen hundred words entitled "A Sketch of the Universe," and an equally succinct one on "A Short Survey of the Globe, from the Light of Astronomy and Geography."

Voyages and travels are next reached; and the number of entries, twenty-four, shows the interest of Americans in other lands, especially in the great western background of their own fringe of settlements. The names of the writers become unfamiliar, however, save in the case of Bartram's *Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and West Florida*, octavo, Philadelphia, 1791; Bruce's *Travels to discover the Source of the Nile*, six volumes, octavo, Dublin, 1790; Carver's *Travels into the interior parts of North America*; and Lobo's *Voyages to Abyssinia*, Dr. Johnson's edition.

In no department of literature save that of travel can Americans be said to have reached first rank in 1793. The lure of the wilderness was too powerful for some of our most virile men to resist, and a few of these commanding personalities occasionally had literary ability of no mean order, while Europe eagerly awaited all light that might be thrown upon the land where her venturesome children were putting their fate to the test. Audience and author then were in accord as seldom before, or since.

Two of these books, those produced by Europeans, have been lucky in that their existence has been held before humanity in greater pages than any their authors ever managed to pen. "Abyssinian" Bruce, through his story of the Abyssinians eating

steaks cut from living animals, excited the humor of Charles Lamb, who refers to his story in the beginning of a "Dissertation on Roast Pig." Lobo's *Voyages* gave the background of the happy valley in Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*.

But the other two men need no such extraneous aid: they are great in their own rights, and can never be displaced, because the conditions which they described, passing soon away forever, cannot in the future be more accurately or vividly set forth by other men. Bartram, especially, was immensely popular both at home and abroad. By 1790 (Whitcomb says 1791), two editions of his *Travels* had appeared at Philadelphia, two at London in the next two years, and by 1801, editions had been published at Dublin, Berlin, Haarlam, and Paris. Land-hunger largely accounts for this European vogue, but why did our American forefathers read it? There were, of course, a certain number of people in this country who would turn to it for the same reason that Europeans did. It appealed also to the scientist as the report of a highly trained man, and it appeals to-day, as it did to the majority of readers of over a century ago through the sheer beauty of style and the imaginative power of many a passage. The "Introduction," a rather remarkable one for its irrelevance, length, and display of botanical learning, immediately acquaints us with the fact that Bartram is something of a word artist. Hear him in this average passage:—

"At the return of the morning, by the powerful influence of light, the pulse of nature becomes more active, and the universal vibration of life insensibly and irresistibly moves the wondrous machine: how cheerful and gay all nature appears. Hark! the musical savanna cranes, ere the chirping sparrow flirts from his grassy couch, or the glorious sun gilds the tops of the pines, spread their expansive wings, leave their lofty roosts, and repair to the ample plains."

Idyllic pictures of the inhabitants, whose homes are the "seat of virtue, where hospitality, piety, and philosophy formed the happy family" are numerous. The sense of beauty and of poetry is strongly appealed to, and the imagination is awakened in passages such as the following about the wild turkeys as they give their awakening calls in the early morning:—

"The high forests ring with the noise, like the crowing of the domestic cock, of these social sentinels, the watchword being caught and repeated, from one to another, for hundreds of miles around; insomuch that the whole country is for an hour or more in an universal shout."

There are vivid pages of battles with the alligators. The Indian of Bartram is the Indian of Cooper, a truly noble son of nature. Over it all hangs a golden haze of romance, viewed through which nature leads us back to a primitive state that has no alloy of sordidness, no taint of the ignoble of form or of action. The librarian doubtless had many calls for the *Travels*, and one thinks the Scioto Land Company owed Bartram a pension; for there were few, if any, more potent influences than his in stimulating the flow of immigration to this country.

For what audience was the other book that we have mentioned written, and what was its appeal to Americans? The title of Captain Jonathan Carver's book is, in full, *Three Years Travel Through the Interior Parts of North America, for More than Five Thousand Miles; Containing an Account of the great Lakes, and all the Lakes, Islands, and Rivers, Cataracts, Mountains, Minerals, Soils and Vegetable Productions of the North-West Region of that Vast Continent; With a Description of the Birds, Beasts, Reptiles, Insects, and Fishes Peculiar to the Country. Together with a Concise History of the Genius, Manners, and Customs of the Indians Inhabiting the Lands that Lie Adjacent to the Heads and to the Westward of the Great River Mississippi; And an Appendix, Describing the Uncultivated Parts of America that are the Most Proper for Forming Settlements*. The dedication is to the president of the Royal Society, and the first edition came out at London in 1778. For those who are interested in its ordinary aspects, the book, and its author, may be found fully treated of in the pages of Tyler.

If this book was popular in America in Carver's time, and it seems to have been, it throws a remarkable light upon how little the average American of that period knew of the Indians, and explains in part why there was such a brooding sense of mystery concerning them in the early pages of our literature. Carver gives us little about the life of the Indians that one would

suppose unknown to thousands of frontiersmen and of common report in frontier towns. But if such knowledge was wide-spread, why did Harris choose this book, from many others, for a small library? Such books are read for information, and not for the sense of recognition. Neither could style alone cause it to win its way, for in that respect it is in no manner remarkable. There may be another reason than that suggested at the beginning of the paragraph for its inclusion: it was famous in Great Britain, and having secured recognition there, it was thereby given the right of way in intellectually colonial America.

Passing over a number of heads in the catalogue of Harris as having little to offer us for our present purpose, we come to books of more general interest. The entries under poetry and the drama are worth being given in full.

"Barlow's *Vision of Columbus*; *Beauties of Poetry, British and American*; *Beauties of the English Theater*, 12 volumes; Bell's *Classical Arrangement of Fugitive Poetry*, 12 volumes; *British Album*; Collin's *Poetical Works*, with his Life, by Dr. Langhorne; Cowper's *Task and Poems*; Darwin's *Botanic Garden, a Poem*; Dwight's *Conquest of Canaan*; Francis's *Translation of Horace*, 4 volumes; Gray's *Poems and Letters*, with his Life, by Mason, Hayley's *Triumph of Temper*, (only duodecimo); Knox's *Elegant Extracts in Poetry*; Ladd (Dr.) *Poems of Arouet, Letters to Amanda*, etc.; Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and *Regained*; Miss More's *Search After Happiness*; Miss More's *Sacred Dramas*; Ogilvie's *Poems on Providence, The Day of Judgment, and other subjects*, 2 volumes; Pope's *Works*; Pope's *Translation of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey*; Scott's *Poetical Version of the Book of Job*; Shakespeare's *Plays*, Stockdale's edition, 2 volumes, octavo; Miss Smith's *Elegiac Sonnets*; Thompson's *Works*; Trumbull's *McFingal, Progress of Dullness*; Young's *Works*; Warton and Pitt's *Translation of Virgil*, 4 volumes; Miss H. M. William's *Conquest of Peru*; H. M. William's *Poems*, 2 volumes."

Here are some remarkable things. Shakespeare alone represents the great Elizabethan period, and the later years of the seventeenth century has only Milton to show, in anything like a full representation. The *Classical Arrangement*, in the only accessible edition of fifteen volumes (1789-91), gives Gold-

smith and Dr. Johnson, while a host of lesser poets of the eighteenth century are preserved for the gaze of the antiquarian. Could it have been the cost of editions that caused the omission of Dryden, Prior, Gay, Ramsay, Young, Shenstone, Churchill, Chatterton, Percy, Macpherson, Sheridan, and Crabbe? Harris was doubtless trying to do his best with his hypothetical small sum of money, and it may be argued that some of these authors were of such small compass that they could be fully represented in easily accessible collections, and so thoroughly established as classics that no compiler would dare leave them out. If this be the case, why are Collins, Gray, and Cowper represented? Though it is true that something other than their poetry is specifically mentioned in the editions of the two first. The most probable solution seems to be that in the first place Harris was too much swayed by the English reviews, *all* of which he had read. The latest English success loomed large in his eyes, as it did in those of every good American during this our period of pupilage, for how else can one account for the inclusion of the two works by Miss More, and two from the romancing pen of Miss H. M. Williams; while Ogilvie, who is as dead as either, is represented by two volumes? Moreover, Harris seems to have been a Puritan from puritanical Boston. Note how many of these volumes are of a religious nature: orthodoxy must above all be kept in sight and safe moral guides sought. The latter was apparently the most potent factor, as other evidence to be touched upon will tend to show.

Surprising as some of the above things may be, it is when the reader turns to the second division of "Imagination,"—that is, Fiction,—that he is most astonished—unless he knows Puritan New England. The eleven entries are: "Florian's *Select Tales*, Translated from the French; Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*; *Interesting Memoirs, a Novel*; *Julia de Roubigne*, by Makenzie [*sic*] 2 volumes; *Maria*, by Miss H. M. Williams; *Man of the World*, by Makenzie; *Man of Feeling*, by Makenzie; Moore's *Zeluco*; Smith (Miss [*sic*] Charlotte), *Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle*; ditto, *Celestina*; ditto, *Desmond*."

Where are Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Defoe? But let us reserve negative results to the next and last head, "Mis-

cellanies," and look at some very positive ones here. "The novel of this list which sheds most light upon the psychology of the early American is Mackenzie's *Man of the World*, 1773. The copy before me, though printed in 1773, is a second edition; it was a popular book on both sides of the Atlantic. It is certainly not so lachrymose and sentimental as *The Man of Feeling*, and perhaps not so much so as "The Old Manor-house of Charlotte Smith" which the traveler Davis found in Virginia, in 1801, "lying on the table, of which the concluding part seemed to have been moistened with tears of sensibility"; but even so, it will do passing well.

The heroine of the first volume has features of a "melting expression, suited to that sensibility of soul we have mentioned her to be endowed with." "Though the arrival of tomorrow might be overlook'd, it could not be prevented," we are next told. Our forefathers were a sober people, and an established fact lost nothing in the re-stating. They swallowed large doses of such triteness with impunity. The novel hinges upon one of the most fascinating of all themes to an American of a century ago—that of the violation of a woman's honor. Sindall, the unrelieved black background for the blinding glare of celestial virtue, drugs the unapproachable heroine and accomplishes his purpose.

"And here let me pause a little, to consider that account of pleasure which the votaries of voluptuousness have frequently stated. I allow all the delight which Sindall could experience for the present, or hope to experience in the future. I consider it abstracted from its consequences, and I will venture to affirm, that there is a truer, a more exquisite voluptuary than he.—Had virtue now been looking on the figure of beauty, and innocence, I have attempted to draw.—I see the purpose of benevolence beaming in his eye!—He clasps her to his bosom;—he kisses the falling drops from her cheek;—he weeps with her;—and the luxury of his tears;—baffles description."

A daughter is born; the mother dies, and the father believes that the child dies also. But a gypsy takes the baby, keeps her for the first few years, and then leaves her by the roadside, where Sindall can find her; and in the second volume we discover her in his home, a young woman now, both she and Sindall ignorant

of her parentage. After long and vain attempts to seduce her, he has her carried off to a farm house, kept by a London prostitute, one of his former mistresses. Here he attempts to violate her, his own daughter; but her mother's brother, who through Sindall's plotting has been exiled as a criminal to America, returns just in the nick of time, and saves the daughter from the father, but only by mortally wounding him. Sindall dies forgiven, and almost in the odor of sanctity—he "makes a good end."

"I have now," says Sindall, "discharged the world; mine has been called a life of pleasure; had I breath, how false the title is; alas! I know not how to live.—Merciful God! I thank thee—thou hast taught me how to die."

The author says in the last paragraph, spaced from the others to give it emphasis, of the hero and the heroine, now happily married, of course: "I have lived too long to be caught with the pomp of declamation, or the glare of an apothegem; but I sincerely believe, that you could not take from them a *virtue* without depriving them of a *pleasure*."

Here in this book is surely horror enough for the love of seduction and worse, possessed, but only vicariously, by our forefathers; for in no country in the world was womanhood so exalted and further removed from such dangers. Why, then, were so many of their most popular novels of the type just sketched, and why should a novel be selected by Harris, probably the greatest authority then living on the literary needs of the American people, for a select library? When the *Man of Feeling* was written, the novel, whatever may have been its standing in Great Britain, was viewed with deep suspicion in this country. Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College, wrote: "Between the Bible and novels there is a gulf fixed which few novel readers are willing to pass. The consciousness of virtue, the dignified pleasure of having performed one's duty, the serene remembrance of a useful life; the hope of an interest in the Redeemer, and the promise of a glorious inheritance in the favor of God are never found in novels." The novelist, then, trying to win approval for his wares, made them a medium for imparting moral and spiritual lessons; until in some cases the narrative thread trickles like a desert stream, half clogged or disappearing entirely, through the

sands of theological didacticism. Uncction supplants human dignity; the sacred is ousted by the sanctimonious. Colors are laid on deep, that no one may, even though a fool, be deceived thereby. It mattered little to our ancestors, so deeply committed to the moral solution of human life, what Sindall or Montraville did in this world if only they (unequivocally) "pointed a moral and adorned a tale" for the next one.

Not the least element in this, as in other novels of the period, is, as might be deduced from what has just been said, the amount of worldly wisdom contained in them. For not quite all their "serious thoughts had rest in heaven."

"She reminded Lucy of the dangers to which youth and inexperience are exposed, by the sudden acquisition of riches; she set forth the many disadvantages of early independence, and hinted the inconstancy of attachments, formed in the period of romantic enthusiasm, in the scenes of rural simplicity, which are after to be tried by the maxims of the world, amidst the society of the gay, the thoughtless and the dissipated," says Mackenzie.

Compare Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Roche, Mrs. Rowson, Miss More, or any of the other novelists whose names were a mighty force in those days. *Cælebs in Search of a Wife* (1809), by Miss More, passed through ten editions in one year, because it was an "improving" book.

Under his final heading, "Miscellanies," Harris gives a few books which he apparently was not sure how to classify or perhaps had overlooked at the proper place; but in general he evidently intended it for the minimum of reading that a person of general culture should do. It is as follows:

"*Adventurer*, 4 volumes; American edition of *Encyclopædia*, quarto, 18 or 20 volumes; Beattie's *Dissertations*; Bennet's *Letters to a Young Lady on Useful and Interesting Subjects*; Bennet's *Strictures on Female Education; chiefly as it relates to the culture of the heart*; Berquin's *Children's Friend*, 4 volumes; Berquin's *Friend to Youth*, 2 volumes; *Beauties of the Spectator*, *Tatler*, *Guardian*, etc., 2 volumes; *Beauties of Sterne*; Mrs. Chapone's *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*; Mrs. Chapone's *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*; Cooper's *Letters Concerning Taste*; Creswick's *Female Reader*; Fitzosborne's *Letters*,

by W. Melmoth, Esq.; *Foresters, an American Tale*; Madam [sic] Genlis' *Theater of Education*; Goldsmith's *Miscellanies and Poems*; Gregory's *Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with the Animal World*; Gregory's *Lectures on the Duties and Qualification of a Physician*; Johnson's *Idler and Rambler*, 6 volumes; Kaimes' *Art of Thinking*; Kaimes' *Loose Hints upon Education, chiefly concerning the culture of the heart*; Knox's *Elegant Extracts in Prose*; Knox's *Elegant Epistles*; Knox's *Essays Moral and Literary*, 2 volumes, 12th edition, London, 1791; *Lady's Pocket Library*, containing Miss More's 'Essays,' Dr. Gregory's 'Legacy to his Daughter,' Lady Pennington's 'Advice,' M. de Lambert's 'Advice,' Mrs. Chapone on the 'Government of the Temper,' Swift's 'Letters to a Young Lady newly Married,' and More's 'Fables for the Female Sex,' duodecimo, Philadelphia, 1792; Lavater's *Aphorisms on Man*, Boston; *Lounger*, 2 volumes; *Mirror*, 2 volumes; Percival's *Father's Instructions*; Percival's *Moral Tales*; Phillips's *General History of Inland Navigation*; *Principles of Politeness*; Watts on *the Improvement of the Mind*; Williams (Miss H. M.) *Letters on the French Revolution*, Boston, 1793."

The novelists popular in America about 1793 have already been glanced at, and one is struck by the fact that they are almost all women. Under "Miscellanies," nine out of thirty-five entries are by women writers or make their appeal directly and exclusively to women readers, while a fair proportion of the others, one may safely assert, found fewer readers among men than among women.

This brings to our attention a feature of American cultural life which has, so far as I know, never been noted before. I allude to the powerful, I think I may say the dominating, influence of women in our cultural and in our literary life in the thirty years or so which preceded the appearance of Scott as a great force in fiction. *Literary* is used here in the sense "distinguished for beauty of style or expression"—the literature of power is meant, and not that of knowledge.

It cannot be denied that if one glances at the chronological outlines of British and of American literatures during this period, the array which meets his eyes seems to negative such a state-

ment. Yet (the remark is a trite one) it is not what is written that counts, but what is read. I have had occasion in the last few years to examine literally hundreds of old book catalogues, publishers' accounts, and newspaper advertisements in order to determine what the public was actually reading towards the end of the eighteenth century.

The men whose writings in belles-lettres were popular or near popular during the three decades before Scott are: Bunyan, Milton, Defoe, Pope, Addison, Thompson, Young, Darwin, Lewis, Johnson, Goldsmith, Mackenzie, Trumbull, Barlow, Dwight, and Brown,—a formidable list when one makes the statement that they were less popular than the women writers of the period. The authors of the gentler sex in the field who must be reckoned with are: Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Roche, Mrs. Rowson, Miss More, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Chapone, Miss H. M. Williams, Miss Porter, and doubtfully, for their popularity is not so apparent, Miss Burney and Miss Edgeworth. Practically all of these writers, it will be noted, are novelists. The short story, as distinct from the story that is short, had not, some will say, yet been invented; and even if it had been, there would have been no adequate medium through which it might reach the public. Fight as he might against its moral obliquity, the primal love of a story was too deeply ingrained in the American of 1793 for the moralist to prevent the spread of the novel. And spread it did with a marvellous rapidity and in amazing volume. The deathless beauty of the writings of some of these men will secure audiences even after the New Zealander shall have ceased to muse among the ruins of London, while the works of most of the women grow as faint on the intellectual horizon of the world as a dissolving mirage. Yet that they were once the dominating influence in the literature of power a century and a quarter ago becomes more and more evident as one studies the subject; and Harris has but furnished one document out of many to prove it. Our ancestors, then, even at the end of the eighteenth century, were, contrary to popular opinion, a race of novel readers, and not, more or less exclusively, readers of poetry. The vogue of poetry has been much overestimated, as the present writer has pointed out in another study.

Aside from a natural desire for a story, other influences were at work to feminize culture and belles-lettres. One suspects that many of the men of that period were a little bit ashamed of reading novels, so that not only were most of them produced by women but they read them too. There was, in fact, a great intellectual stirring among American women as the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries join. Davis, in his *Travels*, tells us that—

“His [Caritat’s, his publisher’s] talents were not meanly cultivated by letters; he could tell a good book from a bad one, which few modern Librarians can do. But *place au dames* was his maxim, and all the ladies of *New York* declared that the Library of Mr. Caritat was charming. Its shelves could scarcely sustain the weight of *Female Frailty*, the *Posthumous Daughter*, and the *Cavern of Woe*; they required the aid of the carpenter to support the burden of the *Cottage-on-the-Moor*, the *House of Tynian* and the *Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne*; or they groaned under the multiplied editions of the *Devil in Love*, *More Ghosts*, and *Rinaldo Rinaldini*. Novels were called for by the young and the old; from the tender virgin of thirteen, whose little heart went pit-a-pat at the approach of a beau, to the experienced matron of three score who could not read without spectacles.”

Mr. George, the friend of Davis, writing from Long Island in 1801, says: “The girls in this village are mad after literature; they know not what to be at. Miss T—, a young lady of easy deportment, elegant conversation, and bold countenance, has bought *Tasso’s Gierusalem*, and digs in a dictionary for his meaning.” There are other passages in the same book that bring out the stirring of women in the intellectual life of the time.

Why there should have been such an awakening, probably no one is qualified to answer fully; but much of the reason may be found in the disturbance of sex ratios and of social levels incident to the Revolution. Moreover, the energies of the men were too fully absorbed by the work of reconstruction in its various phases, material and intellectual, for them to hold their former place in things purely cultural.

As one glances back over the view of what Harris believes to be the intellectual needs of the American people in 1793, he is

struck by the apparent appeal which the latest success and the popular writer made to him, while the probable exclusion of some really great figures strikes us immediately. The names nowhere occur of Spenser, Johnson, Bacon, Bunyan, Richardson, Defoe, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, Burke, and Burns, while the names of writers that the ashes of time have buried deeper than any Pompeii, beyond the hope of resurrection, are in constant evidence. It is, however, only such documents as he has furnished us that will enable us to reconstruct the life of our forefathers, not always dwelling upon the heights, as some seem to imagine, but, like ourselves, struggling haltingly on broken crutches towards the light.

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ENGLISH HYMNODY AND ROMANTICISM

The earlier years of the eighteenth century were in England a period of materialism and compromise. A spirit of self-interest pervaded both Church and State, and principle was constantly subordinated to expediency. The age of Puritanism with its strong opinions had given place to an era of the decline of great convictions; a period of satire and irreligion succeeded that of a great war of ideals; faith seemed utterly to retreat before the sway of Deism; and instead of Milton thundering against Salmasius one hears Sarah Jennings smashing the bric-à-brac in the palace of St. James.

In spite of all the materialism and rationalism of the period, however, throughout the century there was strong emphasis on the religious motive. Even Alexander Pope was not wholly able to withstand the influence. The *Messiah* teems with the worst faults of pseudo-classicism, and *The Universal Prayer* is simply the voice of Deism; but the translation, the *Prayer of St. Francis Xavier*, with its mediævalism and devotion, might almost be claimed for pure Romanticism. It was but natural that the religious motive should be most closely associated with the influence of Milton and the literature of melancholy; witness the *Night Thoughts* and *The Grave*. Thomson, Akenside, Chatterton, Langhorne, Erasmus Darwin, and many other poets possess religious passages, while the unfortunate Christopher Smart, in the intervals of his madness, composed his unique *Song to David*. The preëminently spiritual poet of the age, however, was William Cowper, later to be remarked for his distinguished place in the history of Hymnody, but here attracting attention by such deeply religious passages as those in *Conversation* and *The Task*.

While Hymnody pure and simple, however, was very largely a product of the Wesleyan Revival, a study of its beginnings in the vernacular will take us back many years before 1739. For the present discussion let us omit consideration of the great Latin hymns of the Middle Ages. Let us also pass over the Psalters, in themselves a great study, but not quite original enough to come within the scope of the present discussion. We then be-

come interested, before the era of Watts, in the earlier attempts at self-expression in this special lyrical form. Even with this restriction we can touch only upon the most important things and thus be guilty of many omissions.

Standing apart from all other hymns of the years about 1600 is a manuscript poem of twenty-six stanzas of four lines each, by "F. B. P." (interpreted as standing for *Francis Baker, Pater or Priest*). This was founded upon the well-known passage in the *Liber Meditationum* of St. Augustine beginning "Mater Hierusalem, civitas sancta Dei"; and the first lines of the opening stanzas ("Hierusalem, my happie home" and "O happie harbour of the saints") at once suggest it as the first form of the two later and familiar hymns, "Jerusalem, my happy home" and "O Mother dear, Jerusalem." John Donne with "Wilt Thou forgive that sin," Phineas Fletcher with "Drop, drop, slow tears," and George Herbert with such hymns as "Let all the world in every corner sing" and "Sweet day, so cool, so calm," represent the Puritan influence; and George Wither, with his *Hymns and Songs of the Church* (1623), had the distinction of producing the first book of hymns in the language. Then came also Herrick and Vaughan and Jeremy Taylor.

The age of the Restoration was generally unfavorable to the production of original hymns. This was the period of Bishop Ken, however, with his famous Doxology; and a few years later, in connection with his *Spectator* papers, Addison produced his six well-known hymns and paraphrases, among them being "When all Thy mercies, O my God" and "The spacious firmament on high." Meanwhile there appeared John Mason's *Spiritual Songs* (1683), Benjamin Keach's *Spiritual Melody* (1691) and *Spiritual Songs* (1696), and the Independent *Collection of Divine Hymns*. Keach was the pastor of a Baptist congregation at Horsley Down, Southwark, and he awakened great opposition by his efforts to establish hymns as a regular part of public worship. In his own church, however, he carried his point. Joseph Stennett, another Baptist, wrote hymns which are even to-day in common use. Thus at the end of the seventeenth century it seems safe to affirm that the old Psalters were losing ground and that the idea of using original hymns was making

its way, although in the Established Church and even among many Dissenters modern hymns were opposed as a profanation of the service. What was needed was for some strong man to give unity and point to individual compositions and to popularize the new form. The man was already on the scene in the person of Isaac Watts, the foremost of English hymn-writers.

The hymns and songs of Watts represent a departure from the literalness of the Psalters and the employment of modern thought and sentiment. His great aim was to bring the congregation directly into the service. His own work is not without much of the bombast and tawdriness and dogma of the period; but he is always profoundly reverent, and in his hymns there is constant healthiness of thought with a note of joyous praise. To him more than to any other man is due the establishing of Hymnody on its present basis.

In view of his eminence and the general spirit of his work, it may seem strange that Watts's chief connection with the Romantic Movement was in the matter of form; yet such appears to be the case; and what is said about him applies of course very largely to the work of his disciples, Doddridge, Anne Steele, Samuel Stennett, and John Fawcett. Watts strove for unity in his hymns and he also popularized the terms Long Meter, Common Meter, and Short Meter. What now was the origin of these particular verse-forms, and how was it that they became so popular just at this time? We hope to show, in fact, that they go back to nothing other than the well-known English and Scottish popular ballads, though of course there was the connection with Psalmody, Dr. Benson in his recent authoritative work (*The English Hymn*) actually speaking of the work of Watts as a "renovation of Psalmody."

First of all, let us recall the renewed emphasis on ballad literature in the eighteenth century and the publishing of representative collections.* Such collections as those of Watson and D'Urfey, and especially Capell's *Prolusions* and Percy's *Reliques*, indicated the changing taste. Professor Kittredge and Professor Gummere have both emphasized the importance to the ballad of the ele-

* See Kittredge's List of Sources in *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, and Phelps: *The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement*, pp. 116-136.

ments of refrain and "incremental repetition," that is, the substantial repetition of one stanza by another, with just enough variation to advance the story one step. If now we review the earliest ballads, we shall find the typical stanza to be one of two lines rhyming; for instance, note *The Elfin Knight*:—

He blowes it east, he blowes it west,
He blowes it where he lyketh best.

I have an aiker of good ley-land,
Which lyeth low by yon sea-strand.

It must not be supposed, however, because the ballads are printed in this form, that they were originally sung or chanted with adherence to this exact stanza. There was rather inserted after each line another line of refrain, sometimes nonsensical, but frequently echoing the sentiment of the stronger line. Thus we find the first regular stanza of *The Elfin Knight* printed as follows:—

The elphin knight sits on yon hill,
Ba, ba, ba, lilli ba
He blows his horn both lowd and shril.
The wind hath blown my plaid awa.

This tendency, with some development toward a set stanza, may be seen further in the fuller of the two forms of *Robin Hood Rescuing Three Squires*:—

There are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

It will be observed that in spite of all the irregularities here, the longer line possesses four strong beats and the shorter one three. This, with all the irregularities, is the typical ballad stanza, which, because of the exigencies of the song or chant, was evidently not required to be absolutely regular, and indeed might be preferred when it was not so. We may occasionally find, however, especially in some of the later ballads, stanzas that scan with

absolute precision, as the following, taken respectively from *The Dæmon Lover* and *Redesdale and Wise William*:—

She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his ee.

.
Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I'll see;
And bonny are the bags of gold
That I will give to thee.

The reflection or echo in the shorter lines of the thought of the longer lines is here very marked. In comparatively few cases, however, are the stanzas of the ballads so metrically perfect. The freer form was regularly preferred. In the earlier part of the eighteenth century, however, before the romantic temper was so much abroad as in the day of Coleridge, there seems to have been current a desire to polish or refine the ballads; and in imitations there was a decided tendency to make the verse form perfectly regular. The popular songs of the day stand just half-way between the typical ballads and the hymns. To what extent now was Isaac Watts, who with his Common Meter did more than anyone else to popularize in Hymnody an old psalm stanza, acquainted with the songs and ballads of his day? Such a question can never be answered with final certainty. Undoubtedly he knew something about them. His *Hymns for Little Children* point in this direction, and his common form may be seen in such a stanza as—

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

As a man of culture, moreover, Watts was very probably acquainted with Watson's Collection of 1706-11. The transition from Common Meter to Long Meter was of course known from very early times in English poetry; and even if the form of the hymns does owe much to the lines of the old Psalters, may we not find in the ballads an ultimate origin in the vernacular for both?

Charles Wesley, however, was romantic in temper as well as in form. The Revival opened the floodgates of Hymnody, and the prominent men of the new era were intensely subjective in this as in everything else they did. Where there was so much emphasis on the personal equation, the age not unnaturally became one of controversy; and even "Rock of Ages" appeared at the close of an article that Toplady had written against John Wesley. Charles Wesley differs from Watts in both tone and teaching. Watts is continually awed into reverence by the power of the cross of Christ. Wesley, however, feels for the person of Christ an intimate human love. Watts, moreover, was Calvinistic; Wesley was Arminian. "Jesus, Lover of my soul," "Love divine, all love excelling," and "I know that my Redeemer lives" generally represent the subjective quality so strong in his work.

Of the hymns of William Cowper three stand out with prominence: "There is a fountain filled with blood," "O for a closer walk with God," and "God moves in a mysterious way." The first of these has been the most fiercely assailed from the standpoint of dogma and the most severely criticised as to literary quality. It remains, however, one of the poet's most intensely subjective efforts and the most widely current of all his hymns. Cowper's friend, John Newton, author of "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds" and "Safely through another week," had a definite theory about the writing of hymns. "Perspicuity, simplicity, and ease," he said, "should be attended to, and the imagery and coloring of poetry, if admitted at all, should be indulged very sparingly and with great judgment." The principle somehow suggests Wordsworth's famous Preface.

Cowper serves well to introduce another influence becoming increasingly popular, the humanitarian impulse, which was of course but one phase of the eighteenth-century emphasis on liberty. John Wilkes insisted on the freedom of the press, Sir Samuel Romilly and Jeremy Bentham tempered the harshness of the criminal code, John Howard reformed the prisons of Europe, and Wilberforce and Clarkson began their great agitation against slavery in English dominions. In Hymnody the impulse became important by virtue of the hymns produced under the influence

of the Missionary Movement. The labors of Wesley and Whitefield, joined with the liberal spirit of the time, and the extension of geographical knowledge through the voyages of Cook, produced in England an abiding interest in people beyond the seas, while the Hastings trial opened the eyes of the people of England to the political corruption in one of the richest of their dominions. The decade 1790-1800 was noteworthy for the organizing of the Nonconformist missionary societies, while the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the representative High Church organization founded in 1701, took on new life under the compelling motives of the period.

James Montgomery was the first strong voice of the missionary impulse in Hymnody. "Hail to the Lord's anointed" is representative. The movement found its highest expression in Hymnody, however, in the work of Reginald Heber. This earnest worker labored with extraordinary zeal as Bishop of Calcutta, travelling much over a large territory, healing dissensions, and generally encouraging his co-workers. To him is credited "From Greenland's icy mountains." His influence in another direction calls for more discussion.

Montgomery and Heber have brought us to the high tide of Romanticism, the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the age of Wordsworth and Scott and Byron and Keats. Already there are signs that Hymnody as an impulse has reached its height. Mr. Chesterton has remarked De Quincey as "the first and foremost of the decadents." In Hymnody the phrase might just as appropriately be applied to the brilliant Heber.

The nineteenth century represented the play of many conflicting forces. In the Oxford Movement a spirit of mysticism came definitely in conflict with the rationalistic tendencies of the early Victorian era. The brief reign of William IV served simply for the transition from Georgian to Victorian England. Within a few short years came the steam railway, factory reform, a revision of the poor law, the abolition of "rotten boroughs" and of slavery; and *Pickwick* came to laugh Romanticism out of court. Georgian England was stupid and slow; but it at least had some religion; Victorian England was progressive, but it was also agnostic. In science Evolution became as-

cendant, in philosophy Utilitarianism. In 1850 Tennyson published *In Memoriam*, voicing the doubt and perplexity of the period; and in the wide field of criticism the influences at work developed the "Art for art's sake" heresy, one of the most subtle and at the same time one of the most powerful forces ever exerted in imaginative literature. Three great prose writers—De Quincey, Poe, and Pater—inspired or represented this movement. De Quincey emphasized Style, Poe Beauty, and Pater a rather indefinable something called *Æstheticism*. The first influenced the second, and the second the third. Poe's great divorce of Art and Morality was fatal, and it is the key to much of the pessimism in literature and to many of the wasted lives strewn like wrecks over the reign of Victoria. His influence was frankly acknowledged by Rossetti. Formerly Romanticism, developing with the Wesleyan Revival, had encouraged the love of nature and communion with God; but now Science, looking at Poe's three faculties, Intellect, Feeling, and Will, appropriated the first; Rationalism, substituted for Religion, prostituted the Will to its purpose; and Art was told to shift for itself. It did—and with a vengeance.

The great voice of this paganism in poetry of course was Keats. He it was who with his sensuousness, his high regard for woman, and his luxurious and intricate furnishings primarily influenced the Pre-Raphaelites. His sensuousness is reflected in Rossetti, his chivalry in Hunt, and his wood-carving in Morris. Romanticism had come again, but it was Romanticism artificially inspired.

Against such powerful forces of infidelity, hedonism, and materialism, Hymnody, like everything else of spiritual import, had to contend. Spiritually England was drifting; irreligion was rampant, and Keats, one of the purest of poets, had been made the patron of a sickly and effete *æstheticism*. Of the great poets of the period Browning alone opposed a solid front to the forces of skepticism and decay. Such secularization of thought, however, is not something that grows in a day. For its origins we must go back to the earlier years of the century, and in the very first decades one finds sentimentality and charlatanry and artificiality.

In the first twenty-five years of the century more than one poet, seeing the favor with which religious poetry was viewed, became deliberately sentimental along religious lines. Byron wrote his *Hebrew Melodies* "at the request of a friend." The titles leave no doubt as to his melancholy and serious intention: "My Soul is Dark," "I Saw Thee Weep," "All is Vanity, saith the Preacher," "When Coldness Wraps this Suffering Clay," etc. The same influence may be observed in "The Prayer of Nature" included in *Hours of Idleness* and echoed in "The Adieu" of the *Miscellaneous Poems*. The prime example of sentimentality in this period, however, was Thomas Moore. In 1816 this popular poet published a volume of *Sacred Songs* marked by all the flowing meters and loose rhymes to which he was accustomed. In his own field, however, Moore was an artist. He cultivated the sentimental note until it became second-nature to him; and just as in "The Last Rose of Summer" he wrote at least one song that has become classic, so in "Come, ye disconsolate" he wrote at least one hymn that has touched the very heart of humanity.

Let us now return to Heber. The point most frequently made against the work of this brilliant young Oxford poet is that it is too florid. When, however, it is remembered that he grew up under the spell of Scott and Byron, it may easily be seen how it was that he became to some extent a force that tended to make Hymnody more secular; compare "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning" with "Hail to the chief who in triumph advances." Could the author of "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty" have looked forward thirty years and witnessed the composition of hymns that were reminiscent of the music halls, he would doubtless have been aghast; and yet this secularization was but a logical outgrowth of his own florid imagery and loose metrical structure.

Just as Pre-Raphaelitism revived the Romantic impulse, however, so Hymnody had its magnificent afterglow in the work of the writers of the Oxford Movement. Standing in the shadow of the great faith that moved him, Newman became, on the religious side, a perfect example of the romantic spirit that brought to literature a revival of the sense of the connection between the

visible world and the world of the unseen; and he wrote "Lead, kindly Light." Faber, even more otherworldly, sang "Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling" and "O Paradise! "O Paradise!" One might doubt the power of such hymns for their inspiration toward activity; but there can be no doubt about their sincerity, their grace, and their scholarly finish.

Such seem to be the chief points of connection between English Hymnody and the great impulse known as Romanticism. After the Oxford Movement had ceased to distract England, a new school of hymn-writers arose, primarily in America, with emphasis on the so-called Gospel Hymns. Some of these, such as the best work of Ira D. Sankey and Fanny Crosby, were very beautiful compositions; but the school as a whole made for a deterioration of Hymnody. As it became more and more secular, so it grew farther and farther away from the old moorings of dignity and mysticism, which were so closely identified with Romanticism. Aside from this, after the Oxford Movement no great outstanding force arose in either England or America. Some representative figures would deserve mention for their general achievement, e. g., Francis Lyte, Sir John Bowring, Horatius Bonar, and Frances Ridley Havergal; some achieved fame by virtue of individual compositions, e. g. Sarah Flower Adams, Charlotte Elliott, Mrs. Margaret Mackay, Sabine Baring-Gould, and George Matheson; and still others, most frequently distinguished churchmen, did much for Hymnody by scholarly editing and insistence upon high literary standards, e. g., Christopher Wordsworth, John Mason Neale, Henry Alford, and William Walsham How. Dr. Neale achieved unusual success as a translator from Greek and Latin sources, and generally his studies in the origins can hardly be overestimated. His very success, however, testifies to his aloofness. Charles Wesley had represented freedom in Hymnody, and Newman and Faber mysticism—both phases of the same impulse of Romanticism. In the Victorian era into which Neale was thrown, however, there might be scholarly editing, fine criticism, and a careful working over of old masterpieces; but there could be no great and original school of hymn-writers, for the period was primarily materialistic and scientific; and the older age of faith and fervor, of mysticism,—of Romanticism, was gone.

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY.

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“K”

Wot sets the Colonel cravin' for a just-so rank and file?
Wot makes the Sergeant's swearin' so particularly vile?
It ain't his blamed anxiety to keep the Rooshian out;
It's a 'orrid sort o' feelin' of a K somew'ere about.

'It's K—yus; K.

An' there's none to say 'im nay.

There's a flutter in the dovescotes w'en like Nemysis 'e stalks.
'E's a corker, and an 'ero, and a bogey man, they say,
For 'e's always hup *an'* doin' while the others sits and talks.

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The truth wrapped in the final line of this oft-quoted topical song of “K. Atkins in India” was the central truth of the life which has come to so dramatically tragic a close off the Orkneys. Earl Kitchener was not England's foremost soldier,—if only on the ground once taken by Moltke, that he had never been called upon to endure the supreme test of conducting a retreat. That he was the greatest military administrator of his country is generally granted, however; even, perhaps, the greatest of the world to-day.

As the conqueror of the Soudan, after years of silent, relentless organizing for victory; as the author and director of the scattered and complex operations that finally wore down to defeat the pertinacious Boers; as the remodeller of the military forces of British India; as the adviser to Australia and New Zealand and Canada on schemes of national and imperial defence; as Cromer's worthy successor in the Nile Valley, playing Proconsul even while he figured as “teacher of the infant class” of uneasy natives; as—above all else!—the silent force which prepared unprepared England in the present world struggle, raising by voluntary enlistment an army of close upon four million men, training them, transporting them over-seas with a loss of less than one per cent,—it was in these gigantic employments rather than by personal successes in the field or signal exhibitions of generalship that he earned the gratitude of his native land and the admiration of others.

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A good look at the man—the whole six feet, two inches, of him; red-cheeked and "swivel-eyed,"—and one knew him a bit slow, a bit dull, possibly (in social ways), but infinitely sure. Indifference to popular opinion showed all over him. It was unthinkable that he should ever seek self-advertisement. The entire look was stern, yet, somehow, convincingly just.

His twin gospels were Work and Obedience. Supremely self-confident, he could forgive anything sooner than faint-heartedness in those about him. Sympathy was by no means so foreign to him as the untrue "Kitchener legend" would try to persuade us, but it was an intelligent sympathy, seldom misplaced, never "working over-time." If he demanded much, he was genuinely, albeit unemotionally, appreciative, and men achieved the impossible at his word. "Twelve hours in which to carry this dispatch? You must do it in six." And the officer who had asked for twelve did it in five.

From the very first, the Kitchener traits have been written clear for those with seeing eyes to read the story. They appeared in '74, appeared unmistakably, when Lieutenant Kitchener was sent out to Palestine, second in command of a survey party. There for four years he showed indomitable energy, consistent thoroughness, a hunger for work with mastery of its detail, resource, preparedness, economy in men and material, and a high sense of duty.

Twenty years later, in Egypt, the same tale was told more markedly; retold with such emphasis as two decades' experience and confidence had necessarily brought with them. Kitchener was preparing to reconquer the Soudan, and therein furnished all and sundry what has been called "an unsurpassed exhibition of one-man power in the organization and conduct of war." Wolseley had planned to maintain his communications by a service of Canadian flatboats on the Nile. Other generals had thought and talked in terms of camel corps. Kitchener built a railway across the sands as he advanced, built more than seven hundred miles of it, and at Omdurman for his rail-heads drew on the Mahdi's army of 50,000 to a hopeless assault. Eleven thousand fanatics fell on the field, 16,000 were wounded, above

4,200 taken prisoners. Mahdism was ended within three hours, —the ripe result of intelligent planning, patient waiting, and the hardest sort of work. It was just "K."

Certainly, too, it was a man with a very human heart and an understanding mind, as well as of a sense of the drama of a great occasion, who signalized his entry into Khartoum by holding a solemn service in memory of the murdered Gordon, and who, on his return to England, asked his countrymen for funds to found a college wherein the sons of the Dervish chieftains, whom he had fought and overwhelmed, might be educated in the knowledge of the West. Here, indeed, was one who "terribly carpets the earth with dead" and then "calls the living by twos and threes, and summons their children to school."

In the South African war the strategy that turned the tide in favor of the British was the aged Roberts, but Lord Kitchener, with his "squares of operation," his reconcentration, his paralleling and converging columns, his patrolling of 3,000 miles of railway, his gathering up of horses, his seizure of supplies, till nothing was left for the smallest commando to live upon, his hard blows, his firmness yet justness, his genius for negotiation,—"K. of K." was the man who really finished the trying war.

And what a tribute that was which came to him at Vereeniging! As the gathered leaders, of both sides, rose from the table where, to all intents and purposes, the definitive result of four years bloodshed had at last been reached, the Boer veterans burst into a spontaneous cheer for the foeman they had found so honorable in conciliation, even as they had learned him iron-handed and unrelenting in the field.

Just before Kitchener was recalled from Egypt to take charge of the War Office, with the Atrocious War not yet a fortnight old, W. J. Lampton, all unforeseeing of what lay so close ahead, jingled off a stanza of what he calls his "rail-fence poetry" for a New York daily. At this moment its flippancy may seem to sound off the key, and yet it tells too sharply too simple a truth to be wholly out of place:—

Gee whiz!
 What a quiet man he is!
 He goes around
 Without any sound.
 And he never blows
 About what he knows,
 And he cuts no capers
 In the newspapers,
 And he doesn't try
 To tell people how to live or die.
 And he doesn't want to show
 The whole world how to go.
 And he doesn't fight
 To get into the lime-light.
 And — and — oh, say,
 What kind of a great man is he anyway?
 Where is his paraphernalia?
 Where is his glittering brass?
 Where are his banners and cohorts?
 Where is his glory? Alas!
 He keeps them away from the public,
 His record is hidden from view,
 And nobody hears him telling
 Of what he has done or will do.
 And yet, by gum!
 He is not dumb,
 And he's been going some
 Along several ways
 That count in these strenuous days.

It is a loss to the onward march of human endeavor that all these verbs now must be rewritten in the past tense. "K" was a man genuinely great. Shall one not add, too, that he was genuinely happy,—in that he died at his post in the performance of his duty, and that his splendid work had been practically completed?

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MACAULAY'S 'HISTORY' ILLUSTRATED

Last year was completed a literary enterprise which ought to appeal to lovers of fine books and good writing: the most interesting historical narrative ever written in our language was published, in one of the most elaborately illustrated editions ever intended for wide distribution, by the scholar of all others most familiar with the materials illustrative of English history in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.*

Some years ago I was in Oxford, and among the recollections of that charming place—the soft flow of the Cherwell and the Thames, the stately majesty of old streets and colleges, and the wondrous beauty of chapels and gardens—I recall the library of the house on Northmoor Road, sun-lit with all the loveliness of some days in England, where Professor Firth let me see his collection of broadsides, ballads, and old pictures, which he knows so well and has used in numerous publications known to scholars. In the course of conversation he told me of his plan to make more extensive use of such materials in editing Macaulay's 'History.' Shortly afterwards the work began to appear; it is now complete in six stately quartos.

In a preface which he has written the editor considers it strange that no illustrated edition of Macaulay's volumes has been projected before; and in truth, although the great historian's compositions are made picturesque by every literary embellishment and consequently require pictorial subvention less than descriptions by a duller narrator, yet because of the very excellence of their character they lend themselves more readily to illustration of every kind. In a well-known passage Macaulay explained the method which he proposed to follow in his work:—

It will be my endeavour to relate the history of the people as well as the history of the government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of

* *The History of England from the Accession of James the Second.* By Lord Macaulay. Edited by Charles Harding Firth, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Six volumes. Macmillan & Company, Limited, London, 1913-1915. \$19.50.

religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors.

Constantly, as the editor observes, he refers, either directly or indirectly, to engravings or pictures; and Macaulay's own *Journal* shows how much use he made of old pamphlets, newspapers, manuscripts, and the small forgotten things of the past. On one occasion he remarks that a morning spent with files of the ancient London newspapers brought back and made real the past again; and many a time in the Public Record Office or the British Museum, after reading a long while, I have had this same feeling myself. It is the purpose of the present edition to embellish the master's work by incorporating some of these things which he saw and used, or others which are like them.

For the elucidation of Macaulay by reproducing the proper pictures and selecting judiciously from characteristic sources no one, perhaps, is better fitted than Professor Firth. Ablest of contemporary English historians, he has studied and used extensively the same kind of materials which Macaulay loved to examine; he is himself an authority on English ballads, and has long collected those little broadsides which throw so much light upon the character of the past. He is known to the world of historical readers principally because of his work in the period of the greatness of Cromwell and the last years before the Restoration. His contributions continue the task undertaken by Gardiner, his great predecessor, and would, if carried far enough, lead up to the point where Macaulay commences. Though some of Macaulay's best work deals with the period before 1685, yet his 'History' really begins with the accession of James II. The preceding reign is still to be treated, and there are some who hope that if time and strength suffice, the crowning achievement of Professor Firth will be a history of this reign of Charles II.

In this edition there are approximately nine hundred and fifty illustrations. Most numerous and most important are the portraits, put in every part of the work. In the Introduction the editor quotes a pertinent statement of Carlyle:—

In all my poor historical investigations it has been, and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the personage enquired after; a good portrait, if such exists; failing that, even an indifferent if sincere one. In short, *any* representation, made by a faithful human creature, of that face and figure, which he saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me.

Perhaps the casual reader notices less than a careful student the unreality of the past as revealed in most of the records and in most of the writings founded upon them. Life seems largely concerned with personal relations—historical records are engrossed with facts, so that often there is impersonality about narratives which renders them unsubstantial and elusive. I have noticed this particularly with respect to the period treated by Macaulay. In the course of some of my own researches in English records of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, I have had to examine a great number of manuscripts, pamphlets, newspapers, and longer accounts, for the purpose of deducing certain principles and the history of a certain development. It is true that this development was legal and institutional, but it was none the less the work of numerous men, whose writings I have gone over and about whom I have found many accounts. It has been interesting to compare my own ideas of these statesmen and administrators with the descriptions written by Macaulay. He delighted in making his work vivid and picturesque, in the best sense, one of his devices being constant allusion to what men and women said and did, with a multitude of details about character and personality. Often it has seemed to me that in comparison with Macaulay's my own conception of these men, where it has been clearly formed at all, might be nearer to the truth in avoiding too positive estimate and through absence of partisan interpretation, but always less vivid, less real, and conceived with less of grasp and historic imagination. In many instances I have felt myself for the first time beginning to know

them. It is evident, then, that a work which contains so many biographical elements must in peculiar sense lend itself to illustration through historical portraiture. So much, indeed, does the writing receive from such aid, that it is no great exaggeration to say that what the narrative of Macaulay is to an ordinary account of the period, this edition of the 'History' is to editions formerly published.

Many of the portraits are in color, with a still larger number in black and white. Some are from paintings in the National Portrait Gallery in London, of which Macaulay was one of the original trustees, some from the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland, some from Hampton Court, some from the Dulwich Galleries, and some from the Bodleian; many of England's private collections have also been drawn upon, and there is even a portrait of George Fox from a painting in Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania. Here, then, is the work of Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, John Michael Wright, Jonathan Richardson, John Riley, William Wissing, Mrs. Beale, and others. A great number of engravings have also been reproduced, especially those by David Loggan and Robert White. Particularly have engravings been taken from the magnificent Sutherland Collection now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

One by one the famous personages pass in review as the pages of the 'History' are turned over. For the introductory chapter on the earlier history of England, for which it is so difficult to obtain historical pictures, the earliest portrait is that of Henry V, with long nose and sharp face, by an artist unknown. By artists unknown also are the portraits of Henry VI, timid and pious, Edward IV, voluptuous and able, Richard III, wicked and aspiring, and that shrewd and modern-minded monarch, Henry VII. The broad face of the selfish, wily, and able Henry VIII is from the magnificent painting attributed to Luke Hornebolt. There is Edward VI, sickly and precocious, Mary Tudor, whom Johannes Corvus makes dainty but not lovely, and Elizabeth, sharp of face, in wondrous wide costume. James I, by van Somer, seems a kindly, querulous gentleman. Charles I, by Daniel Mytens, is the noble and artistic monarch whom his admirers took him to be. Holl has engraved Sir John Eliot as

he seemed in those last days described with characteristic eloquence and beauty by a relative of Macaulay now living. The brush of van Dyck shows Archbishop Laud in the pomp and formalism which he loved so well. Henrietta Maria, from a painting attributed to Jan van Belcamp, has all the courtliness and grace which she took from France, with a suggestion, I think, of the intrigue that brought so much trouble to herself and those dearest to her, and even a suggestion of the sadness which clouded her life. In a later volume is van Dyck's celebrated portrait of her five children, done in 1637; Charles, a fine child, James, a winsome little boy, and three little princesses, less known to history—a charming group. Robert Walker has left us John Hampden, Puritan hero and gentleman, and the stern but noble figure of Cromwell, armed and majestic, with the bearing which he must have had when he thought of his difficulties and triumphs.

For the period after the Restoration there are pictures of Charles II which show him sensual and selfish, though the portrait by Wright makes him splendid and regal as he must have been at his best. If Catherine of Braganza looked as she appears in the mezzotint by Sherwin, it is small wonder that such a man neglected her. Two of the mistresses of Charles are represented in magnificent color pictures: Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, is as refined and charming as when she debauched Charles and the honor of England; Eleanor Gwyn, coarser and more lively, as contemporaries said. The art of Lely makes Anne Hyde handsome and splendid enough to charm the Duke of York; while in Loggan's engraving appears the great chancellor, her father, who denied his daughter in her trial and shame. Thomas Hobbes has the profound and searching look of one who could write the *Leviathan*. The members of the Cabal are there as Lely and others saw them. Under the curls of his great wig the narrow and crafty face of Sir Thomas Osborne looks out as it peers forth in later portraits when he was Duke of Leeds. From an engraving by Vandrebanc we know the strong and serious features of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey, whose end remains shrouded in the mystery which baffled those who lived then. Samuel Pepys, painted at the age of thirty-four by John

Hayls, seems alert, robust, and inquisitive, as we know that he was, and he holds in hand a sheet of music, which suggests more than one passage in his *Diary*.

Of James II, hapless but unpitied, there are numerous portraits. In earlier days Lely had painted the Duke of York, and made him fine and handsome. As king, Kneller shows him older and with countenance hardened and sour. A mezzotint by James Meheux published at Rome reveals the sensuality which so much tortured his conscience. The painting by Riley shows him splendid in armor, but with countenance the mirror of a narrow and petty mind. Wissing's portrait gives Mary of Modena, his youthful wife and unfortunate queen; in a later portrait by Largillière she is thin and aged, a melancholy exile. Wissing has also painted the lean and plain Catharine Sedley, one of the king's mistresses; and an engraving in the Sutherland Collection shows Arabella Churchill, another. The luckless Monmouth appears weak but resplendent in the magnificent robes which he donned for Sir Peter Lely; while his head enveloped in the mystery and nobility of death has been painted, one believes, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. An unknown artist has portrayed the terrible Jeffreys with an air, I think, of contemplation and refinement; but Kneller gives him that latent fierceness which might burst forth after a night of carousing as when he raged at Richard Baxter or sent Alice Lisle to her doom.

The great figure in Macaulay's epic is William of Orange, and the larger part of the work is devoted to an account of his time. There are many pictures of the great statesman and king. A painting after the manner of Jansen van Ceulen shows him a puny child, but with great eyes and curving nose afterwards renowned in Europe. In the Sutherland Collection he appears as Prince of Orange, delicate of figure and with womanish hands, but with eagle nose and countenance of one fit to change the destiny of nations. A painting attributed to Jan Wyck shows the cautious general and great leader; as in a manner less good does the mezzotint by Schenck. Older, perhaps abler, he appears in Kneller's portrait. Stiff and ugly, Jan Wyck represents him in triumph at the Boyne. A mezzotint by Visscher exhibits him in the robes in which he appeared, perhaps, so cold and reserved

to courtiers; while another by Gole shows how he looked at his best on the day of battle. A painting by van Wyck represents him that day when he received the surrender of Namur. From the Sutherland Collection is taken an Italian portrait published in 1696, when his name was great among distant peoples.

Mary, his wife, as much loved by contemporaries as her husband was feared and admired, appears also in several likenesses. About 1677 Lely shows her the sweet and gentle girl, who desired above all to be cherished by her husband. Somewhat older Closterman represents her as the charming Princess of Orange. She is not so attractive in the more conventional engraving of Schenck. Older but very charming she seems as Queen of England in the mezzotint of Visscher. Sir Godfrey Kneller shows her a little stouter. Neither she nor her husband is readily recognized on the William and Mary pottery in Dr. Glaisher's collection. That her charm and loveliness remained in 1691 is evident from the mezzotint of Schenck in that year. Her sister Anne, whom Macaulay thought so much duller and less interesting, but who was destined later to play an important part in the history of England, appears stolid but handsome in a mezzotint by John Smith, while Dahl's painting shows her with her little son, the Duke of Gloucester. There is Vandrebanc's engraving of her husband, Prince George of Denmark. His features seem heavy, but these things are deceptive, and for another man they might signify silence and reserve. She who long controlled Anne so entirely, the beautiful and domineering Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, appears with exquisite grace in the portrait of Kneller, and more petulant and scheming in the painting by Dahl. There is a miniature of her husband, while he was still handsome young John Churchill, a painting by Kneller when he was Duke of Marlborough, leader of the Whigs, statesman, diplomat, and foremost captain of the age; and a painting by Closterman of the soldier born to command.

Of other personages there are pictures too numerous to mention. There is Greenhill's painting of Shaftesbury, first great party politician in his country. Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller appear as painted by themselves, while the latter has also furnished the portrait of Sir Christopher Wren. There is

John Milton, old and in retirement, from the engraved portrait by William Faithorne. Other men of letters follow : Jean Racine from an engraving by Vertue ; Blaise Pascal, contemplative and serene ; Jacques Bossuet, eloquent, narrow, and humane ; John Dryden, brilliant of mind and mean of character, in the painting of James Maubert ; Lely's portrait of Wycherley, strong and handsome, seeming little apt to write the foulest dramas of the Restoration ; Matthew Prior, poet and diplomatist, as Richardson portrayed him in curious headgear, astute plenipotentiary in the engraving after the painting by Belle ; John Bunyan from Sadler's painting, homely tinker of highest genius ; Jeremy Collier, brave and pugnacious, as when he thundered against the immorality of the stage ; Sir William Temple, diplomat and polished writer, from the splendid painting of Lely ; the profound and mighty intelligence of John Locke, in the portrait by Brownover ; the modest greatness of Sir Isaac Newton, in the painting by Vandrebanc ; from the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland Dr. Arbuthnot, satirist, so admired by Macaulay, who gave to posterity 'John Bull' ; from Jervas's painting Jonathan Swift, greatest of all, and Esther Johnson, to whom he gave so much attention and some incalculable part of his love. Nor should we omit Jacob Tonson, the publisher, after the painting by Kneller.

The great ecclesiastics, the eminent statesmen, the politicians, are not omitted. The Seven Bishops are by an unknown artist. Loggan's engraving shows William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, who opposed James's attempt upon Protestantism, but could never bring himself to acknowledge William, deliverer of the faith. There are several likenesses of Burnet, 'at once a historian, an antiquary, a theologian, a preacher, a pamphleteer, a debater, and an active political leader ; and in every one of these characters . . . conspicuous among able competitors.' Macrell's mezzotint shows him in 1688, when he was friend and adviser of the Princess of Orange, and honored and respected by William. The portrait by John Riley displays the man well, bluff, forward, outspoken, but withal courageous and honest. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, persecuted by James and disappointed by William, is represented in the mezzotint of Simon. John Tillotson, successor to Sancroft deposed, appears in a

painting attributed to Kneller, which may be by Mary Beale nevertheless. Other churchmen who throng this time, priests and bishops and popes—many are found here—Pope Innocent XI from Clonnet's engraving, Alexander VIII from one by Visscher, Innocent XII from a mezzotint by Gole.

Of politicians and men of affairs there is a host of names, some still renowned, some faintly remembered by the general reader, some long since forgotten entirely. Not many recall John Wildman, exile and agitator, nor William Chiffinch, who kept the backstairs for Charles II; but the one is represented in an engraving by Hollar, and the other in the painting of Riley. There is Alderman Cornish, a Whig martyr, and Father Huddleston, who received Charles II dying into the bosom of Rome. Sidney Godolphin, cautious politician and preëminent financier, is represented after a portrait by Kneller, who has also painted a splendid picture of Shrewsbury. George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, 'trimmer,' more philosopher than politician, more observer than man of action, but one of the finest characters of the age, seems a gentleman of the best type in Lely's painting. After the school of Rigaud is the picture of Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnell, who strove to raise Ireland for James and the Catholic faith. There is Lely's portrait of Dundee, who led the Highlanders irresistibly to victory, and died in his hour of triumph, just before the hour of inevitable failure. One of the Sutherland engravings represents Sir Josiah Child, Governor of the East India Company, and wealthiest merchant of his age. Sir John Somers, Lord Keeper, appears in an engraving after Kneller's portrait, which shows the wide forehead and thoughtful eyes of the acutest lawyer of that time. In the manner of this artist also is the portrait of Robert Harley, without striking abilities indeed, but at a later time greatest man in the kingdom and arbiter of the destinies of Europe. Together in White's engraving appear the seven Lords Justices, whom William appointed in his first regency after the death of the queen. An artist of Lely's school exhibits in rigid magnificence Sir Joseph Williamson, whose diplomatic correspondence and journals throw light on the beginning of the cabinet. There is Arnold van Citters, ambassador from the United Provinces, whose dispatches

are so valuable for this period ; and there is the French emissary, d'Avaux, whose communications illuminate the times and also reveal doctrines of cruelty and state necessity not unlike those advanced when the world went to war.

The captains and the admirals of the age illustrate a period of conflict. Louis XIV, who so much filled the mind of Europe in his day, appears several times. A mezzotint by Gole presents him in lace and wig, first gentleman of Europe ; Habert's engraving is of the same king in the magnificent good taste of his palace ; as general in armor he is given from the painting of de la Haye. The Sutherland Collection affords representations of Kara Mustapha and of John Sobieski, king of Poland. Kneller's painting shows the great and knightly Duke of Schomberg mounted on a generous charger ; but his fine features are better seen in the painting by Dahl. There is an engraving of Menard's painting of Tourville who threw England into terror by his victory at Beachy Head ; and one of Wissing's portrait of Edward Russell who took vengeance for England in the great triumph at La Hogue. The picture of Admiral Evertsen, who gallantly led his countrymen at Beachy Head, is from the painting of Maes in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam. Of Ginkel, who fought with William in the Irish wars, there is a mezzotint after the painting by Hill. The large features and intelligent countenance of Vauban, master of the art of fortification, are after the painting of de Troy. Luxembourg, the 'hunch-backed dwarf,' who defeated William at Steenkerke, appears in an engraving after Rigaud's painting. Jean Bart, famous corsair of Dunkirk and terror of the English seas, from a rude engraving in the Cabinet des Estampes. The various marshals of France are depicted. There is Charles XII of Sweden, who blazed like a meteor across astonished Europe ; Peter the Great of Russia before whom he went down ; the sad and monstrous face of Charles of Spain, degenerate ruler of a dying empire ; and there are the pictures of those who plotted to acquire his dominions.

Not less interesting, and more difficult to obtain, are contemporary representations of passing events, or old pictures of places, cities, and buildings. The picture of London monument is taken from a caricature made about the time of the Popish Plot. From

the Sutherland Collection comes an engraving of the harbor of Dunkirk seen in 1712. There is Hollar's view of Tangiers, abandoned by Charles II, and Kip's engraving of Chelsea Hospital in 1690. There are engravings of ancient London Bridge covered with houses, which made it such a wondrous sight at the end of the seventeenth century, and of old Saint Paul's which dominated London before the fire. From Buck's *Antiquities of England* are taken views of Norwich, Leeds, Sheffield, and Birmingham, in the first half of the eighteenth century, when doubtless they looked much as they did in the generation preceding. Travellers who know London at present will look with interest at engravings of the Royal Exchange and of the Temple about 1671; and Americans will take particular interest in a view of Covent Garden about 1690 and one of Southampton or Bloomsbury Square thirty years later. From a contemporary writing is taken a plan of Rye House, scene of the ill-fated plot against Charles II. An engraving in the Crace Collection shows the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower, where Monmouth was laid at rest, and where after tortures of ignominy and fear Jeffreys was placed beside him. There are views of Oxford from Loggan's *Oxonia Illustrata* of 1675, and of Cambridge from his *Cantabrigia Illustrata* published fifteen years later. From the Sutherland Collection is a plan of the encampment of James's army at Hounslow Heath. There is a view of William's palace and gardens at Loo in 1699, and an old engraving that shows Orange, from which his line took its name. Two engravings from the Sutherland Collection show the stately and far-extended magnificence of Versailles. Newcastle House in Lincoln's Inn Fields looks now much as it did when engraved by Sutton Nicholls; but near St. James's Palace one sees a London quite different from that which existed when John Kip did his work. There are numerous views of Edinburgh and of other places from Slezer's *Theatrum Scotiæ*, 1693. Most interesting are various bird's-eye views of palaces and buildings made by Kip in 1708. That of Hampton Court might still assist the visitor in a general way; that of Windsor shows a place in some respects changed since then. From the British Museum is reproduced a map of Belfast in 1685 which, as Macaulay says, is so exact that the

houses may be counted. There is a curious engraving of the English fort at Bombay, and another by Merian of the city of Hanover. There is the palace of St. Germain-en-Laye at which the hospitable Louis lodged James and his exiled family. There is an engraving of Grocers' Hall, long occupied by the Bank of England, and a view of the Tower of London not much changed in two hundred years. Several old maps offer quaint guidance: one of Greenland, from Churchill's *Voyages*, 1704, and another of New Caledonia, where the Scots made their ill-fated settlement of Darien.

More difficult to obtain, and perhaps more interesting to the general reader, are contemporary pictures or caricatures. A broadside in the Sutherland Collection shows John and Cornelius De Witt murdered by a mob at the Hague. The monstrous chin and strange countenance of Titus Oates are best known now from pictures listed in the Catalogue of Satirical Prints in the British Museum. One of them shows 'friend Oates' behind the Pope discovering his secrets. A Dutch engraving shows Oates flogged at the cart's tail and also standing in the pillory. A contemporary print has Edward Coleman dragged to the gallows where a criminal is being drawn, and from a broadside in possession of the editor we see the execution of Viscount Stafford. From the frontispiece of a book published in 1720 one learns the frightful tortures and persecutions of the Scottish Covenanters in the reign of James II. There are contemporary caricatures to illustrate the *dragonnades* and also the death of Calvinism in France. In a Dutch engraving the Seven Bishops are seen on their way down the Thames to the Tower. An Italian engraving displays the birth of the Prince of Wales about the same time. Many Englishmen then believed that the child was not really the son of the king and the queen, but was brought to the palace secretly in order that James might have a Catholic heir: an old drawing in the Crace Collection shows the way this was supposed to have been done. A satirical print about Father Petre, the queen, and the Prince of Wales makes plain the belief that Jesuits influenced affairs of state in this reign. The departure of the great fleet in which William set sail for England is shown in a painting at Hampton Court by an unknown artist,

and also in an engraving by Marot. Another painting at Hampton Court depicts the arrival at Torbay, and two Dutch engravings the manner in which William landed and how he was received. There is a caricature of Father Petre in despair, urged by devils to hang himself, and two engravings by Schoonebeek display James burning the writs to summon parliament, and afterwards fleeing from Whitehall in a little boat. An allegorical caricature represents the flight of popery out of England, and a rude picture 'Engraved for the Devils Broker' has Lord Chancellor Jeffreys taken through the furious mob after he had been captured. In another Dutch engraving James appears in the midst of those who so rudely arrested him when attempting to flee from his kingdom. The same artist has represented the second flight of James from Rochester, and a finer engraving from the Cabinet des Estampes shows the unhappy monarch welcomed by Louis XIV at St. Germain.

The succeeding reign is illustrated in like manner. A political caricature holds up the 'trimmer' to ridicule, and another satirizes the non-juror. Several Dutch prints represent the expedition of James II to Ireland, with a frightful illustration of the cruelties perpetrated by him there, while several recent photographs display Londonderry and memorials of the famous siege. A broadside of 1679 is taken to portray 'The Manner of His Majesties Curing the Disease, Called the King's-Evil.' A print which exhibits the tea-table in the time of Queen Anne shows that the artist detested the gossip of women. Two remarkable water-color drawings from the Sutherland Collection supplement Macaulay's matchless description of the pass of Killiecrankie, where Mackay was routed by the onset of the Highlanders, and the gloomy horror of Glencoe, memorable for the blood once shed there. An engraving explains the ordering of ships in the great battle of La Hogue which made secure the Revolution of 1688; a Dutch caricature exhibits the triumph of the allies; and a satirical print shows announcement of the tidings in Versailles. There is an old plan of the battle of Steenkerke and a modern map to illustrate the battle of Landen. An engraving in the British Museum depicts 'The True Effigies of James Whitney the Notorious Highwayman': he has the air and

bearing of a hero, as highwaymen too often had in the minds of the common people then. A fan in the same place holds Bartholomew Fair, which once Ben Jonson wrote about. A Dutch engraving has Queen Mary lying in state, and another the long procession of her funeral. A French print shows the signing of the Treaty of Ryswick in 1697; another one pictures the fall of William from his horse; and there is finally the scene of his death. Very interesting is the engraving by Sutton Nicholls of the new Saint Paul's Cathedral in 1695, incomplete and without the glorious dome which now towers aloft over London.

In all the admirable writing of the 'History,' perhaps the third chapter, on the state of England in 1685, is most justly renowned; and in no other place has illustration been used to better advantage than in connection with this eloquent description of customs and manners and conditions of English life in the seventeenth century. A page from Ogilby's *Itinerarium Angliæ*, 1675, shows the course of one of the old roads, while Loggan's book upon Cambridge affords an example of the open field system of agriculture which still prevailed in many places. Tempest's *Cries of London*, 1711, gives the appearance of some of the characters seen on the streets of the metropolis, the small-coal seller, the courtesan, and elsewhere in the book the Quaker, the female Quaker, the non-conformist minister, the ballad singer, and the gazette seller, who in this case is a woman. A broadside in possession of the editor shows the grave and pious resident parson and the gay and careless non-resident pluralist; while another gives the character of a good clergyman, 'A Worthy Observation, but Scarce Example, in This Degenerate Age.' Pictures of travelling in a coach and of transporting with pack-horses and in carts are taken from an old book. Place is given to Hogarth's later and well-known, but always terrible and interesting picture of the idle apprentice executed at Tyburn. Hogarth's also is the sordid and pathetic picture of women beating hemp in Bridewell. From Moses Pitts's *Cry of the Oppressed*, 1692, is taken the picture of a debtors' prison.

Professor Firth is well known and justly so as an authority on the ballads of England, and he has in the past published studies based upon them. He observes how interested Macaulay him-

self was in studying them, particularly in connection with the life and thought of the common people: 'A great part of their history is to be learnt only from ballads.' It is not surprising, then, to see that good use has been made of these materials, in particular those adorned with rude pictures. Often the illustrations are such as young children might draw. Such is 'Lord Russels Farewel, VVho was Beheaded for High-Treason,' to the tune of 'Tender Hearts of London City,' from the Pepysian Collection. From the same source comes 'The Penitent Highway-man' to the tune of 'Russel's Farewel.' From the Roxburghe Ballads is taken one illustrated with gruesome and hideous pictures, 'The Mournful Subjects,' a lament for the death of Charles II. Two of the Roxburghe Ballads describe the rout of Monmouth and his last words before he was beheaded on Tower Hill. James's first declaration of indulgence in 1687 called forth a rude 'Manifestation of Joy'; while his progress in the same year is chronicled in a ballad which describes the happiness of his subjects. A little later appears one to announce England's delight in the birth of the young Prince of Wales. The hatred which people bore to James's Jesuit councillor is revealed in 'The Last Will and Testament of Father Petres.' The accession of William and Mary is commemorated in 'The Subjects Satisfaction,' and also by another relating the downfall of popery. The Irish war called forth 'Undaunted London-Derry,' and a song of triumph on its relief. The last days of Jeffreys were pursued with a ballad ornamented with the figure of death and composed of rude verses filled with hatred, 'To the Tune of, Lilli borlero.' The battle of the Boyne is celebrated in 'The Protestant Triumph: or, the signal Victory of K. William over the French and Irish'; and the final triumph in another bedecked with a vivid picture of the assault on Limerick. A simple singer lamented Queen Mary's death in verses which still preserve something of rough and true pathos:—

The learned Physicians was sent for with speed,
She was dangerous ill, there was never more need
But, alas, all the Skill in the World was in vain,
For the Doctor's they could not restore her again:
By the hand of cold Death, she was snatch'd from the Throne,
Leaving gracious King William to Govern alone.

Her soul is convey'd to the Regions of Joy,
Where there's nothing her Comfort nor Peace can annoy,
It is we that are left in sad sorrowful Tears
For the Loss of a Queen in the prime of her Years:
By the hand of cold Death she was snatch'd from the Throne,
Leaving gracious King William to Govern alone.

The death of William evokes one ruder but with less of feeling.

Finally, the editor makes some use of various rare sources, such as medals, broadsides, and pages from old manuscripts. From the Bodleian Library is taken a broadside proclamation concerning the payment of chimney money in 1674, and from the same place comes an advertisement of the flying coach from Oxford to London in 1669. The importance of the English woolen industry is manifest in an illustrated broadside in the possession of the editor. 'A True Relation' of the manner of the death of Charles II is reproduced from a broadside in the British Museum. Number 2045 of *The London Gazette* announces the capture of Argyle, and the warrant for his execution appears in the facsimile of a manuscript belonging to the Corporation of Edinburgh. Monmouth's frantic appeal for the intercession of Catherine of Braganza is taken from the Lansdowne MSS.; and a letter from Jeffreys to the Earl of Sunderland comes from the Public Record Office. From a broadside is given the petition of the Seven Bishops and the answer of James thereto; while the Tanner MSS. provide the petition in Sancroft's own hand. From one of the Egerton MSS. is reproduced the facsimile of the instructions given to Admiral Herbert about what he should do in case James were captured on the seas. Another broadside relates the 'Sad and Lamentable Account of the Strange and Unhappy Misfortune of Mr. John Temple, the Person who Leaped out of the Boat under London-Bridg, and was Drowned.' From one of the Additional MSS. in the British Museum is taken a brief letter of Mary to the Countess of Scarborough about the battle of Steenkerke, well expressed but poorly spelled, as was her wont. One of Professor Firth's broadsides reproduces a parody on the declaration of James to the people of England in 1693, and he also contributes a broadside containing a poem congratulating Peter the Great on his arrival in England. The last illustration in the last volume is a broad-

side proclamation of Queen Anne. The medals present glorified likenesses of prominent personages, often in connection with striking events, such as the coronation of William and Mary, the battle of Beachy Head, the battle of La Hogue, the conquest of Ireland, and the signing of the Treaty of Ryswick.

One need not expatiate upon the excellence of Macaulay's writing or the pleasure to be derived from it. I have spent so many joyous hours with his pages that when in reminiscence now I think of these times past they come into my mind with a character all their own. No literary adventures have brought me more of solace or permanent benefit. I think if one had a friend who had not already perused the 'Essays' or the 'History,' one could wish him no better fortune than leisure and the opportunity to do it; and in case the 'History' were chosen, I can imagine nothing pleasanter than reading from the illustrated edition which I have attempted here to describe.

EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER.

University of Michigan.

POPULAR CONTROL OF FOREIGN POLICY: A REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE*

Since the outbreak of the European War there has been published a vast amount of literature dealing with, and largely arguing for, a more effective parliamentary control of foreign affairs than is furnished by the present arrangement in England. The question, while recently acute and most generally discussed, was to some extent mooted before the beginning of the present hostilities. Bagehot adverted to it in *The English Constitution*; the year 1886 saw the matter come to a vote in the House of Commons when a private member moved, "That in the opinion of this House it is not just or expedient to embark in war, contract engagements involving grave responsibilities for the nation, and add territories to the Empire without the knowledge and consent of Parliament." Mr. Gladstone's opposition was not unsympathetic, but the motion was lost by four votes. Since 1886 only desultory attention has been given the question. In 1913, during the debate on the Foreign Office Vote, Sir Edward (now Viscount) Grey declared that his policy had been to avoid "making secret treaties which entail serious obligations on this country"; as for legislative ratification of treaty engagements—that was a

* *Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy*. By E. D. Morel. London: The National Labour Press. 1915. Pp. xxx, 198.

Democracy and Diplomacy. By Arthur Ponsonby, M. P. London: Methuen & Co. 1915. Pp. xiii, 198.

How Diplomats Make War. By Francis Neilson. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 1916. Pp. xviii, 382.

Towards a Lasting Settlement. By C. R. Buxton, Philip Snowden, G. Lowes Dickinson and others. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1916. Pp. 216.

What is Diplomacy? By Charles W. Hayward. London: Grant Richards, Ltd. 1916. Pp. 256.

The War and Democracy. By Alfred Zimmern and others. London: Macmillan & Co. 1915. Pp. xiv, 390.

The European Anarchy. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1916. Pp. 144.

The Problem of the Commonwealth. By Lionel Curtis. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1916. Pp. xii, 247.

constitutional point which was not germane to the foreign office vote. At the same time such an experienced diplomatist as Sir Thomas Barclay professed the belief that foreign affairs were being conducted in a manner inconsistent with representative institutions and that British policy should be brought into closer harmony with the national feeling and interests. Finally, the matter was discussed in 1914 before the Select Committee on House of Commons Procedure, but no definite recommendations were made. Interesting extracts from this evidence and from the reports on the treatment of international questions by other governments which were made in 1912 by British diplomatic representatives and published as a Parliamentary Paper are given as an appendix to Mr. Ponsonby's volume.

It was fully realized, furthermore, that the problem of Britanic cohesion, of better empire governance, was intimately connected with this agitation for more popular control of foreign policy; in fact, the first report of those interesting groups of men of all political faiths and in all parts of the Dominions which were formed six years ago to study the Imperial Problem—their organ is a quarterly magazine, *The Round Table*—attempts to answer the question, "how a British citizen in the Dominions can acquire the same control of foreign policy as one domiciled in the British Isles," and has just been published by Mr. Lionel Curtis as *The Problem of the Commonwealth*. But apart from this agitation which has been almost entirely directed to the larger problem of colonial participation, such acute political thinkers as John Bright, Bagehot, Viscount Bryce, Professor Sidgwick, and others have long realized that a change *must* come if Demos was not to be excluded from a field of politics which the present war has indisputably shown to be far more important than those in which the consent of the voter is now asked.

For, under the English Constitution at the present time, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs occupies a position different from that of any other Minister. Unlike most of his colleagues, as Mr. Ponsonby points out, maladministration becomes known but rarely, and then only to those who have followed foreign questions with considerable care. The Cabinet, with each of its twenty members burdened with work in his own

department, is unable to act as an advisory council, and thus the Foreign Secretary has come to have "all but unlimited discretion." Occasionally, to be sure, he does make speeches in the country, but these pronouncements on foreign policy are not frequent. Furthermore, Mr. Ponsonby objects to the "rarefied atmosphere" in which the Foreign Secretary works. Candidates for the diplomatic service are obliged to have an income of £400 a year. They are necessarily men whose preliminary education has been of such a character, much of it probably undertaken abroad, that they have had neither time nor opportunity to obtain any extensive knowledge of the democratic social and political movements in their country. In the service, they associate only with those in high official society; etiquette and tact have to be stressed, and the result is that diplomacy becomes a highly specialized game and the players come to look upon countries as mere pawns on the chessboard of international politics. Under such circumstances, guiding principles are easily lost sight of.

Moreover, Parliament is both ignorant and powerless, and has apparently been content to see a diminution in the time devoted to the consideration of foreign questions. "The Foreign Office Vote," says Mr. Ponsonby, "is the one opportunity [there are occasional discussions on motions for adjournment, the Appropriation Bill, and questions asked by members] for a special debate on our foreign relations. But even this is dependent on the request of the Opposition. In recent years a Session has been known to pass without the Foreign Office Vote being taken at all. The small minority—and it is very small—of members on both sides of the House who are especially interested, and who may from their knowledge foresee difficulties and dangers ahead, is practically powerless if it desires to have a debate. In 1914 a day and a half was devoted to the Vote. The first half-day of four and a half hours would probably have been all that would have been allotted had not the Opposition had to choose the subject for another spare day and selected the Foreign Office Vote for no special reason except, perhaps, as it appeared by the attendance of the debate, that many members had to be away on that day." Yet, even at these infrequent debates, the discussion

on particular points can be checked by the Foreign Secretary's refusal to disclose information as "not in the public interest." Effective control may be exerted because the House of Commons need not vote money unless there is general approval of administration; but this control in actual practice is more apparent than real, since administrative acts in other departments are fairly well known, while the activities of the foreign service are obscured. The supplies must be voted and the character of the administration taken on faith.

Mr. Ponsonby is one of the few writers who are constructive as well as critical; his programme is fully outlined. He would have the Foreign Office Vote discussed annually as a matter of regular procedure and for two days, with a complete statement from the Foreign Secretary; every treaty and commitment—its specific clauses as well as general content—would have to be ratified by Parliament, whose consent would be necessary for a declaration of war; the people would be taken into the confidence of the Foreign Secretary through periodical pronouncements on foreign affairs, especially when Parliament was not sitting. To make easier the exertion of legislative control he suggests the appointment of a Foreign Affairs Committee in the Commons. The same programme, with perhaps greater stress laid upon the committee feature and upon the necessity for recruiting the foreign office service in a more democratic way, is urged by Mr. Philip Snowden (also a member of Parliament) in his paper on "Democracy and Publicity in Foreign Affairs," which is a very able statement of the case against secrecy.

Several writers of the works under review are identified with the Union of Democratic Control, an organization formed a few months after the outbreak of the war for the laudable purpose of securing to "ourselves and the generations that succeed us, a new course of policy which will prevent a similar catastrophe to the present war ever again befalling our Empire." One of the four cardinal points insisted upon by the programme of the Union is that no treaty or engagement shall be entered into without the consent of Parliament and that machinery shall be created for ensuring democratic control of foreign policy. The Union has been bitterly criticised on account of pro-German leanings, the

pro-Germanism being—as evinced by the writings of the Hon. Secretary, Mr. E. D. Morel, and other pamphleteers—the maintenance of the thesis that the Central Powers were by no means wholly responsible for the present conflict, and that England's foreign policy contributed to the *débacle*.

Mr. Morel's book is a reprint, with a few minor changes, of the one entitled *Morocco in Diplomacy* and published in 1912. The single addendum of any importance is a preface to the third (present) edition dealing with two collections of the war's diplomatic documents. The French Yellow Book, Mr. Morel thinks, completely demonstrates the part played by Morocco in bringing on hostilities, and "justifies to the hilt" all that he has written. Even more important, however, is the correspondence of the Belgian diplomatic representatives resident at Berlin, Paris, and London, relative to the Anglo-French policy towards Germany. The documents—119 in number and covering the period of 1905-1914—were discovered in the Belgian archives and were published by the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* in July and August, 1915. Their content has been discussed by the American press, chiefly, however, in relation to the question as to whether, by these intrigues and discussions of possible danger from, and defence against, Germany, the neutralization of Belgium was impaired. To Mr. Morel's mind, the correspondence of the French Yellow Book invokes a mass of corroborative testimony more conclusive than that received by any other writer on international affairs during his own lifetime. And, in the face of the documents discovered in the official Belgian archives, "the charge that Germany cynically planned the war and let Hell loose upon Europe is no longer tenable by anyone who retains a sense of judgment. The blame has not been hers alone. Ten years of secret diplomacy have done their work."

The detailed argument is not germane to the question of the popular control of foreign policy. It is possible, however, to read this story of British, French, Spanish, and German interests in Morocco, of the Act of Algeciras, its violation, and the German intervention (first in 1905 and then with the *Panther* at Agadir in 1911), and the resulting Anglo-French solidarity without finding the slightest excuse for Germany's attitude in

July and August, 1914. So far as secret diplomacy is concerned, England's readiness to support the French case in Morocco was made clearly evident by Lloyd George's speech of July 21, 1911; and certainly, if for two years after the first publication of Mr. Morel's book, Englishmen who thought as he did, with the complete story told, with the nature of the Anglo-French entente evidenced by its solidarity in an acute crisis (after the *Panther* incident) could not induce a foreign policy less definitely adapted to the isolation of Germany, then secret diplomacy is not wholly to blame in the particular instance of Morocco. Mr. Morel made nations heed what he had to say about the Congo, but here his case is not so good. *Ten Years of Secret Diplomacy* is an able but unconvincing polemic.

Not so scholarly or able, but of a similar tenor, is Mr. Hayward's *What is Diplomacy?* The secret intercourse among nations, he asserts, embodies a code of morality which would not be tolerated by savages, moral cowardice, and license for high political personages "to commit acts the meanness of which would make any gentleman kick them out of his back door." This case against diplomacy as an "iniquitous contraption" he would justify by a review of the correspondence immediately preceding the present war, but he soon drifts into an unconvincing argument that British policy, rather than the system itself, was largely responsible. Like other writers of the same turn of mind—notably Mr. Francis Neilson—he makes a very great deal of the fact that England had had naval "conversations" with France, and is unable to reconcile Viscount Grey's statement in 1912 that there was no agreement to coöperate in war, with the ready assurance on August 2, 1914, that the British fleet would protect the French coast against German aggression. This promise he interprets as showing England's eagerness to fight Germany, and overlooks entirely the fact that it was necessary for England's own safety; that, while the immediate impetus of her entrance was the violation of Belgian territory, no one now doubts that vital interests and the temper of the nation, completely opposed to the German international code, would have drawn England in on the side of France. As the London *Times* said, seven months after the war began, "There are still, it seems, some Englishmen

and Englishwomen who greatly err as to the reasons that have forced England to draw the sword. . . . They do not reflect that our honour and our interest must have compelled us to join France and Russia even if Germany had scrupulously respected the rights of her small neighbors." And the *Times* went on to declare bluntly that "we keep our word when we have given it, but we do not give it without solid practical reasons and we do not set up to be international Don Quixotes, ready at all times to redress wrongs which do us no hurt."

Apart from this attack on England's attitude, and the citation of Bismarck's coup in changing the famous Ems telegram, Mr. Hayward relies on Mr. Morel's facts concerning Morocco and quotes liberally from the latter's book. To show the perverted morality of diplomacy and its false ideals, Mr. Hayward adduces as "authorities" works on the German spy system, among them a volume well known in the United States—Dr. Armgaard Carl Graves's *The German Spy System*. Mr. Hayward would apply to diplomacy "a moderate—but rigid—morality"; "national morality and honour" must be rescued from "irredeemable damage through the insidious growth of the destroying fungus of this foul disease" of secret diplomacy. Then the problem of preserving peace will have been solved. The style of the book is forcible but unpleasant and will not commend itself to American readers.

How Diplomats Make War was first published anonymously, but later with its paternity unconcealed when Mr. Neilson resigned his seat in the House of Commons. It contains a much broader indictment of the "licensed camorra" of the Foreign Office than Mr. Morel's work on Morocco. The author shows a very wide historical grasp and his survey of European diplomacy from 1815 to the present time is decidedly able. He does more than consider the evils of secret engagements; he goes at length into the motives and nature of European alliances, examines the colored papers containing the correspondence of the twelve days preceding the war, and attempts to fix the responsibility for the beginning of the conflict and the entrance of England.

The book has many phases and suggests many points well worth detailed discussion. For example, Mr. Neilson argues

that the Treaty of 1839 guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium did not impose any obligation on England. The reasoning is curious. The ancillary treaties concluded in 1870 by England for the observance of the Treaty by France and Prussia, modified the original engagement without the consent of two signatories, Russia and Austria. The treaty was thus voided and England was relieved of any responsibility when Germany invaded Belgium. In comment on this argument, it will be sufficient, although of course not conclusive, to say, without laboring the points of international law involved, that were Mr. Neilson's interpretation correct, it would certainly have been seized upon by Germany in her efforts to woo neutral opinion. Yet, although there have been two or three mentions of the point, it has remained for a member of the English Parliament to raise it to the dignity of being considered between bound covers.

Mr. Neilson is bitter against Viscount Grey, whom he accuses not only of incompetence, but of bad faith. He attributes England's entrance into the war to "secret diplomacy, conversations of military and naval experts, and the plans of General Staffs." He pictures Germany as for the most part pacifically inclined, as uninfluenced by the militarist propaganda; he stresses Russian insistence on mobilization, and marshals and sometimes twists evidence to show that the entrance of England was the greatest triumph for French diplomacy since Talleyrand; he criticises the failure of Viscount Grey to be more frank and to confess the intentions of England, and he maintains that Belgium was a mere subterfuge. But he nowhere considers the indisputable fact that the Austrian ultimatum led to the war and that the aggression against Serbia would have been checked at a word from Germany.

And now, after this lengthy but necessarily incomplete description of the more important literature on the subject, only a few brief general comments may be ventured. Viscount Bryce wrote in his work on *The American Commonwealth* that "the day may come when in England the question of limiting the at present all but unlimited discretion of the Executive in Foreign Affairs will have to be dealt with." The day has arrived, and the problem must be settled in the reconstruction following the

war, being coupled, as I have indicated, with the question of what voice the colonies shall have. Yet to admit this is not to agree with Mr. Philip Snowden when he says:—

The demand for publicity in foreign affair is one phase of the age-long struggle for democratic liberty. It is a demand for the extension to the sphere of internationalism of the principle of popular government, which, whatever its weaknesses may be, is manifestly the only form of government possible with the advance of education and modern economic and social developments. The destinies of nations have been entrusted to kings, nobles, and plutocrats, and they each and all failed. We must now trust the people.

This would assume that the English people have been impotent; but has such been the case? There exists essentially the same check on foreign policy that there is on internal policy: Parliament can overthrow a government of whose policy it disapproves and the people can express their wishes through their chosen representatives. A great many Englishmen were no doubt stupefied when they found that their country must embark on a war, but had they a right to feel aggrieved? Are not the facts that the people could have known but did not care about Britain's engagements? In 1870, Gladstone, the most pacific of Prime Ministers, declared that England would go to war with the power that violated Belgian territory; the terms of the Treaty of 1839 were well known, for it was reinforced during the Franco-Prussian War; its burdens were fully realized; there were international crises in 1874, 1887, and 1911, and that there was some publicity and some popular control following the *Panther* incident is evident from the fact that the people clearly expressed the opinion that there should be no secret engagements pledging the country to fight in behalf of any power. From then until the outbreak of the war, the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary repeatedly told the House of Commons that there were no secret engagements.

The trouble has been not with the lack of machinery, not with the limitations on debate, not with the refusal of the Cabinet to disclose negotiations while in progress, but with the people themselves who did not care. Why, parliamentary candidates

in England have been advised not to discuss foreign affairs; the constituencies were ignorant and uninterested. And as for the knowledge of the candidates themselves, Mr. Ponsonby, who makes out the best case for democratic control, admits that "since the death of Lord Percy there has been no one on the Front Opposition Bench in the Commons, with the exception of Mr. Balfour, who has any special knowledge of foreign affairs, or any experience of foreign administration." There has in fact been tolerably substantial agreement between the parties as to the foreign policy, and the British Cabinet and the British people, far from manifesting any desire to get out of the Belgian guarantee and the Triple Entente, actually suffered the land forces of the country to be reduced and did not insist upon that absolutely essential correlation of foreign policy and armament which is so ably shown to be necessary by the author of *Ordeal by Battle* and by Mr. Norman Angell in some of his American lectures, and which was fully preached to the people by Lord Roberts.

It is anomalous that the most unimportant bill should require the consent of Parliament, while treaties do not; and it is only by the grace of the Foreign Secretary that such an undertaking as a general arbitration treaty is submitted to the Commons for discussion. It seems desirable that some change should be made, perhaps through a committee, perhaps in some other manner, realizing of course that a large number of international agreements attempt to remove causes of quarrel and require secrecy until they are practically completed. But constitutional changes are unimportant compared with the lack of interest on the part of the people. There must be "a public opinion well informed on the general position of foreign affairs, enlightened by much more definite ideas than we now have of right and wrong in international dealings, and, above all, keenly alive to the overwhelming importance of this aspect of state action," for, while the judgment of working classes is soundest on moral questions, it is by no means true that democracies have been pacifically inclined.

Secret diplomacy has failed; we never hear of its many successes; but this, its most recent failure, is so stupendous as

to overbalance every triumph. It is futile, in arguing for popular control, to digress, as do Messrs. Morel, Neilson, and Hayward, on tortuous discussions as to Germany's liability; it is futile to insist that had not the secret system kept the people from being fully informed, there would have been no war, and that democratic control will make for continued peace. Reforms there should and must be, but the first and most important is Education. This can be effected with no constitutional change. In domestic affairs, through somewhat hard experiences, the people have learned that great power without knowledge does not avail them as much as knowledge with less power. The people "are called upon now to widen their horizon, and to apply the democratic conception of education to the new problems which have arisen owing to the part which Great Britain is now playing in the affairs of Europe"—in a word, to see that British foreign policy is kept in consonance with their own intelligent wishes. That is possible under the present system; it would only be easier with parliamentary control.

LINDSAY ROGERS.

University of Virginia.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE NEXT STEP IN DEMOCRACY. By W. S. Sellers. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The initial chapter of this book is entitled "The Spirit of Modern Socialism," and the final one "Can we Universalize Democracy?" Thus socialism is to be the next step in democracy and democracy is socialism. This suggests strongly a march in a circle, although the author carefully lays down as his major premise that socialism is a "movement." According to Mr. Sellers, then, socialism is, in a word, equality (pp. 16, 214, 219, 246). Those that have shall give up to those that have not; the skilful shall step only with the clumsy. Parents shall not produce a child with better equipment than another. "Socialism is essentially a daring challenge to the dominant notions of justice characteristic of present-day society." No need to add that "the socialist absolutely refuses to be the timid sycophant of things as they are."

"Private profit" is roundly abused, evidently under the erroneous impression that it is gained at the expense of some individual or of some group of human beings; whereas, in fact, profit is the measure of achievement in skill, self-restraint, and wisdom, and it is drawn not out of one's neighbor, but from the resources of the earth, from the sun, and through the prevention of waste.

Another erroneous statement should be corrected. "Legal justice," our author declares, "is not interested in the individual, but in the maintenance of order" (p. 167). As a matter of fact it is only before the law that men are equal and only through the order thereby gained come the equality and the freedom which they enjoy. Of course, however, if the socialist directs his attack against some institution, such as property, he will find grievous faults with the society that protects the object of his dislike.

The frequent recurrence of loose statements in the book calls for protest. For example: "Whatever breaks down national barriers and habits prevents isolation and quickens the social

pulse"; "machinery is more stimulating to the mind than the hoe or hand looms." To support such a view he cites the example of the Roman Empire which ended in isolation and stagnation, giving place to feudalism, which was eminently based on inequality. On the other hand, the difference between the hand loom and the power loom is largely one of quantity not of quality. But how equality can lead to anything else than inaction and stagnation the author does not make clear.

On the concluding page the author pleads for a wide and inconspicuous charity. No objection can be raised to this for the individual; the evil of it appears when it becomes universal or compulsory.

HUBERT H. S. AIMES.

FILIBUSTERS AND FINANCIERS: THE STORY OF WILLIAM WALKER AND HIS ASSOCIATES. By William O. Scroggs. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1916. Pp. 408. \$2.50.

This book is entertainingly written and is a contribution of value to the knowledge of our relations with Latin America about the middle of the last century. But the chief interest of Professor Scroggs's story lies in the fact that he has caught and reproduced the Westward-Ho spirit of the forties and fifties. He shows that the filibuster of those days was more than a buccaneer: he was also a missionary of civilization, a pioneer of that "manifest destiny" in which so many of our forefathers believed.

Filibustering was partly that conflict, common to all periods of history, between a superior or more energetic people and an inferior or less energetic one. "From the point of view of the American aborigine even the Pilgrims and Puritans were filibusters." In the light of this larger synthesis, and backed up by a thorough study of the services, Professor Scroggs interprets anew the career of William Walker, the greatest of the filibusters. He shows that Walker, in attempting to swing himself up to the dictatorship in Nicaragua, utterly repudiated any idea of annexation of his conquests to the United States. Walker cannot therefore be regarded as a mere propagandist of slavery extension.

S. L. WARE.

MEMOIRS OF A PUBLISHER. By George Haven Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. (1865-1915.)

Few men are given such an opportunity of forming interesting relations with interesting people as the modern publishers. Those who play any large part in the conduct of the world's affairs or in the advancement of knowledge,—statemen, soldiers, philosophers, scholars, travellers, and the rest,—all, nowadays, are tempted to become authors and to seek fame in a world of readers by the publication of a book. Thus the memoirs of Major G. H. Putnam, author and head of the well-known publishing firm, are more than the memoirs of a man of letters. Out of seventeen chapters, only five deal directly with publishing. The rest contain reminiscences of interesting friends and acquaintances or relate experiences of Major Putnam as a citizen of the world. There are, for instance, chapters on work for the grand jury and work for the city, together with frank but kindly accounts of the author's relations with such men as Roosevelt, Kitchener, Carl Schurz, Edward Freeman and many of the dons of Oxford and Cambridge.

The main interest of the volume, however, is certainly literary, for it is written from the point of view of one who is by vocation a man of letters. It lays before us the larger aspects of the big business of publishing; and it does this with a personal touch and in a candid, straightforward style which engage the reader's attention and confidence.

G. T.

LEGENDS OF GODS AND GHOSTS (Hawaiian Mythology). Collected and translated from the Hawaiian. By W. D. Westervelt. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis Company. 1915.

These legends exhibit surprising variety of subject-matter and treatment; from pure nature myth with delicacy of coloring and vividness of imagination, to gruesome tales of cannibal dogs and cannibal ghosts, of shark-gods and dragon-goddesses. This interesting and valuable collection forms a continuation of a previous volume, *Legends of Old Honolulu*.

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